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### THE CHINESE IMBROGLIO.

THE riot at Canton has come most opportunely to illustrate the dangers which the aggressive policy of France is bringing on foreign residents of all nations in China. In itself a riot of this kind is not a matter of any particular importance. The mob of a great seaport is always ready enough to plunder, and a Chinese mob is particularly ready to lay hands on the property of the foreigner. Disturbances of an almost exactly similar, or even more serious, character have happened in the Treaty Ports without attracting much attention. At this moment, however, the outbreak of the Canton rabble will serve to remind the world that there is a profound dislike of foreigners in the minds of most Chinamen. On the slightest encouragement the inhabitants of any part of the Empire are ready to fall on the aliens settled among them. In ordinary times this feeling is kept in check by the fear of foreign arms and by the Chinese Government itself, as long as it wishes to avoid complications with a European Power. But, if peace had once been disturbed, this hostility might become too strong to be controlled, or the Mandarins might cease to care to control it. The prospect before every European in the Treaty Ports is that, as soon as war with France has become certain, or even very probable, he will be in danger of sharing the misfortunes of the colony at Canton. He will have to run the risk of seeing his house sacked, and may have to think himself lucky if he and his family escape with their lives. It is this danger which makes the action of France in fixing a quarrel on China a matter of universal interest. As their disputes bring danger to everybody, everybody is entitled to a voice in the final settlement. This truth has been recognized by the French press in a highly characteristic manner. It is freely conceded that the Canton riot is the result of the excitement caused by French aggression. But Parisian journalists draw a moral of their own from the fact. They have hastened to point out that this outbreak is only one more proof of the rooted hostility with which the Chinese people regard all foreigners, and they urge upon all European Governments the pressing necessity of uniting with France to put pressure on these obstinate barbarians. That the nations of Europe which have a strong interest in maintaining peace in China should unite to put a check on one of their own number who chooses to play the part of disturber does not apparently suggest itself as possible to the French mind. There is not, it is true, any particular reason why it should, for the moment at least. The trade of all the nations of Europe with China is not equal to that of England, which might therefore be expected to look to its guard and keep a wary eye on what is happening in that country. The reverse is, however, the case. At a time when disturbances may be expected at any moment, and the irritation of the Chinese is daily increasing, our squadron is apparently to be looked for anywhere but in the waters of China. HER MAJESTY'S Ministers have perhaps acted on the principle which has borne such excellent fruit in Zululand, and have made their minds up that nothing unpleasant need be expected to happen, simply because they very much wish that it should not; or it may be that they think nothing is so much to be feared as another Tamatave incident on a larger scale. In either case the feeble British squadron has been sent off the coast of China altogether. It was not until the danger was over that two gunboats were despatched to Canton.

From the reports sent home, it appears that Englishmen in other Treaty Ports are no better protected; and we hear, very naturally, that great indignation has been caused by this state of things. There is indeed cause for it. If our squadron is in China for any purpose at all, it is there to protect the lives and the property of British subjects, and it has apparently been expressly sent away to a region in which it can be of no possible use. It certainly cannot be said that the outbreak at Canton is in any sense a surprise. The Ministry can scarcely have been ignorant of what was perfectly well known to everybody else in the country; and, if the squadron has been sent away, there is probably a reason for it, which must be sought in their nervous desire to avoid any possible cause of quarrel with France. It is unnecessary to go into the question whether that is an excuse for leaving British subjects unprotected; but the Ministry may be again asked, as they have frequently been asked before, whether continual concession is the best of all possible ways of putting a stop to extortionate demands.

The state of the negotiations for peace presents a more satisfactory spectacle. There seems to be good reason to believe that the French Ministry has begun to doubt whether it would be supported by public opinion in provoking a war with China. This somewhat tardy fit of caution has brought it into a proper frame of mind to negotiate without bullying. It is apparently prepared to cease employing the diplomatic methods of M. TRICOT, and to revert to the milder ways of M. BOURRÉE. As the Chinese Government has been careful to show itself the very soul of moderation throughout the whole dispute, there has been no difficulty in resuming negotiations. Lord GRANVILLE has come forward to act as the common friend of the disputants, and a diplomatic battle has begun in all due form. The comings and goings of all the dignified persons engaged are watched with breathless attention at least by the Correspondents of newspapers. Eagle eyes watch the alleged return of the English AMBASSADOR to Paris, and when the Marquess TSENG comes over for a few days to England competent persons are authorized to announce that he is only allowing himself a whole holiday to see his Marchioness, and that the peace of the world is not yet broken. What negotiations are really going on is probably known to some six people in all, and no attention need be paid to the statements of French newspapers which are not famous for their accuracy, or to the stage whispers of English Correspondents who have been favoured with the confidences of distinguished but anonymous diplomatists. A glance at the facts will show that the dispute is one which cannot possibly be closed by a lasting settlement except by surrender on one side or the other. There is no room for a compromise. It is just possible that by the admission of direct contraries, and a great deal of winking, an arrangement could be made which would have a plausible appearance of having been formed by mutual concession. An agreement of that kind might serve its turn by staving off war for the moment and leaving the future at the mercy of the chapter of accidents. If, however, the negotiation is to be carried through with any degree of thoroughness and honesty, it will soon become obvious that France will have to surrender her claim to rule Tonquin up to the border of Yunnan, or that China will have to withdraw her demand that a neutral belt should be left between the territories of the two peoples. The suzerainty over Annam is a matter of form, and is admirably fitted for treatment by the use of soothing diplomatic

phrases. The difficulty of devising a satisfactory means of assuring peace is to be found in the wholly incompatible nature of the French and Chinese ideas on the subject of territorial limits.

The confidence which seems to prevail in England that France will yield is perhaps a little over-hasty. It has become a species of commonplace of late that the French people have not been heard on the question, and that they are profoundly in love with peace. France, we are told, backed out of the Egyptian expedition, and therefore has committed herself never to try to carry anything through. Putting aside the fact that this is a somewhat large conclusion to draw from the premiss, we may observe that the cases are nowise parallel. To refuse to embark on an expedition is one thing; to retire from an expedition which has already been begun, and which you have approved in theory, is quite another. And that is what France will do if she now yields to the opposition she has met with in Tonquin. That the enterprise has turned out more costly than was expected would be no excuse for drawing back or making the Ministry responsible, since, by sacrificing something of their character for statesmanship, they may plead that they could not foresee the intervention of China. It would possibly be wiser for France to yield, and resign herself to giving up her dream of a colonial empire in Tonquin; but by doing so she would make a sacrifice of pride for which Frenchmen are perhaps unprepared, even under the most democratic of Republics. Again, it may be plausibly argued that prudence requires the French to go on. If they withdraw now, it will be supposed that their motive is to concentrate their forces for the great struggle to which so many of them look forward in Europe, and that would practically be a menace to Germany. Is France likely to lose so severely by a struggle in Tonquin that, in order to avoid it, it would be wise in her to convince Prince BISMARCK that the day when an attempt to win back the lost provinces will be made is at hand?

#### THE TRADE-UNIONS CONGRESS.

THE Trade-Unions Congress is welcomed, as usual, with a general flourish of trumpets. The supposed organs of classes against which the efforts of the Unions are directed affect to approve the agitation, for the sole reason that they appreciate and exaggerate its strength. It may be admitted that the organization of the working classes represents to a certain extent a reaction against the mistaken legislation of former times. The right of combination, even for inexpedient purposes, is a necessary consequence of absolute freedom; and the inference from Acts of Parliament and judicial decisions by which Trade funds were deprived of legal protection was essentially unjust. On the other hand, there was much reason for the moral disapprobation with which the action of the Trade-Unions was regarded. The practices of the Sheffield cutlers and of the Manchester bricklayers were only extreme instances of the selfish tyranny which elsewhere took the milder form of picketing and of social excommunication. It may perhaps be true, as Mr. FEDERIC HARRISON suggests, that the recognition of the right to combine has been followed by a mitigation of the worst characteristics of Trade-Unions. The injury which they from time to time inflict on themselves and their employers must be set off against the advantages which they secure to their members. If a strike fails in the majority of cases to prevent a reduction of wages or to obtain an advance, the fear of collision probably sometimes stimulates the liberality or the justice of employers. It is useless to protest against a system which, even if it produced unmixed evil, would nevertheless continue to exist. But there is no reason why outside observers should profess enthusiasm for proceedings which are exclusively intended to promote the interests of a single class. Other sections of the community, though they may be subject to an unconscious bias, always, either sincerely or with a decent hypocrisy, profess to regard the good of the whole. The working class never pretends to consider any interest but its own.

Mr. GEORGE HOWELL has published in the current number of the *Contemporary Review* an interesting account of the financial condition of seven principal Unions. The number of members of these bodies was 121,000; their aggregate income for six years, from 1876 to 1881, was 1,784,400*l.*, and their aggregate expenditure 1,984,000*l.* The deficit of 200,000*l.* was covered by weekly levies raised for limited

periods. The expenditure consisted partly of allowances corresponding to those of Friendly Societies, and partly of donations, or out-of-work payments, which were probably applied in many cases to the maintenance of strikes. The ordinary contribution of a shilling a week forms no insignificant deduction from the earnings of a workman. It is entirely for his own consideration whether the benefits which he may receive are a sufficient compensation for the payment. The onerous nature of the subscription probably accounts for the large numbers who decline to join the Unions. It is evident that the managers of the funds and the principal directors of the Unions must possess considerable ability and wide experience. The large funds which they administer prove the influence of the organization. It is not surprising that the several Unions should have formed a confederacy for the promotion of their common interests. In the intervals of the annual meetings an elected Parliamentary Committee takes charge of the schemes which may have been sanctioned by the Congress, and more especially of projects of class legislation. As might be expected, the appetite for new privileges grows with indulgence; and Congresses and Parliamentary Committees are more and more disposed to deviate into political methods of promoting the benefit of their constituents at the expense of society. Having long since got rid of disabilities which affected associations of workmen, the Unions are anxious not only to curtail freedom of contract by legislation, but to acquire additional Parliamentary power, to be hereafter similarly misused.

Even the eulogists who flatter the Trade-Unions, as they would formerly have flattered kings or nobles, gently deprecate some of the proposals which ambitious agitators submit to a willing Congress. The most deferential of journalists fails to understand why the delegates of associations of artisans should trouble themselves with the codification of criminal law. The measure which has hitherto failed to obtain attention from Parliament is in itself highly meritorious; but the Trade-Unions Congress has no special motive for interfering in the matter except that it may perhaps hope to modify existing provisions against coercion and intimidation. The demand for the election of workmen as members of the House of Commons and for the payment of members at the public expense is more intelligible and less unobjectionable. No measure which could be suggested would degrade the character of Parliament so effectually as the payment of members, and it would be singularly hard that the upper and middle classes should provide salaries for working-class legislators who would, unless they departed from all former precedents, use their powers exclusively in the real or supposed interest of their artisan constituents. The outrageous iniquity of which such politicians would be capable was illustrated by a resolution passed by the last Trade-Unions Congress in favour of the nationalization of the land, or the entire confiscation of landed property. The same reckless assertions which then passed for arguments have duly made their appearance in Mr. JOSEPH ARCH's revolutionary resolution and speech at this year's Congress. If it should unhappily be found impossible to avert the despotism of the class which lives by manual labour, it is at least unnecessary to celebrate beforehand the justice and wisdom of the associated Unions.

The report of legislative proposals and measures during the last Session was principally confined to matters in which the Congress may take legitimate concern. The notice of the Corrupt Practices Bill was an exception; but ambitious workmen apparently believe that the supposed reduction in the cost of elections may facilitate their own candidature. It is doubtful whether the cost of elections will be really diminished; and before the late change in the law there was nothing to prevent the choice or the cheap election of working men where, as at Morpeth and in the Potteries, their class formed a local majority. It is not to be expected that tradesmen or farmers will wish to be represented by members who will be principally employed on schemes for raising wages and reducing the hours of work; but two or three more Reform Bills will effectually exclude the middle classes from political power. The Congress, as represented by the able Secretary, Mr. BROADHURST, seems to take a strong interest in the clauses of the Bankruptcy Bill which are intended for the benefit of workmen. The protection afforded to tools and some other specified articles of property will perhaps tend to diminish the facility of obtaining credit. Only those who are intimately acquainted with the household economy of the working classes can judge whether such a result would be beneficial. Perhaps the new



law may have comparatively little effect, for tradesmen, even if their own risk is increased, may find themselves compelled, as at present, to consult the convenience and the habits of their customers. On the other side, it is of the utmost importance to the working classes to obtain credit from shopkeepers during strikes or depression of trade. It appears that the Unions are still bent on abolishing the permissive element in the Employers' Liability Act, notwithstanding the recent rejection of their demand by an overwhelming majority. The risk of discouraging the enterprise of capitalists obtains as little attention from a Trade-Union Congress as the justice which is due to employers. The associated workmen now propose that shipowners should be made answerable for loss of life when it results from preventable causes. Parliament will for the present hesitate to provide for interminable litigation on the issue whether any given shipwreck might have been prevented.

The theories which are propounded with general acceptance at Nottingham are perhaps less immediately interesting than the Ashton strike and its probable extension over a large part of Lancashire. The spinners and weavers apparently admit the statement of the masters that the cotton manufactures have lately been conducted without profit, or even at a loss; but the remedy which they suggest is a limitation of production until the price is so far raised as to return a profit. The process would involve a diminution of the whole amount of wages, though not of the proportion of payment for labour to the quantities produced. The masters insist on lowering the cost of production with a view to a reduction of the selling price of goods. The criticism of the operatives on their policy is apparently fallacious. The leaders of the workmen contend that the sale of shirts would not be promoted by a diminution of a fraction of a penny in the cost of each article. The manufacturers evidently think of the wholesale trade, and of farthings multiplied by hundreds of thousands. The possibility of increasing the price of goods is rigidly limited by foreign competition. A Parliament elected by workingmen would almost certainly meet so obvious an objection by the imposition of protective duties on foreign commodities. The Ashton operatives, not having yet the regulation of national policy, are compelled to overlook fatal impediments to compliance with their demands. In refusing to work for lower wages they are within their right; but it is to be regretted that they should begin a wasteful contest in which they are almost certain to be defeated.

#### ROYALISM IN FRANCE.

THE apparent results of the Count of CHAMBORD's death have not as yet been in keeping with the change which, as there is good reason to believe, the event has actually wrought. While he lived, a Restoration was impossible; now that he is gone, a Restoration has become possible. Whatever opinion may be held as to the number or value of the chances in favour of it, no reasonable person denies that there are such chances. They may be few and remote, but they exist. When it is remembered that a few weeks ago there were none at all, this must be set down as a great revolution. Yet the immediate effect of this change in the political position is something very like a break-up of the Royalist organization. A most striking example of this has just been witnessed. The *Union* newspaper has ceased to appear. The journal which has hitherto been the accepted organ of the Royalist party dies just at the moment when the prospects of the party are beginning to brighten. Nor is this the only, though it is the most conspicuous, death that has occurred. The Royalist newspaper in the provinces finds living as impossible as the Royalist journal of the capital; and it seems as though the Royalist press in its purest and most characteristic form would before long cease to have a place in French journalism. A Correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has supplied an explanation of what he calls the "Royalist collapse." It is not so much the heart as the pocket that is at fault. These journals would appear as usual, every day or every week, if it were not for the pitiful necessities of the till. Editors and contributors can be had gratuitously, but "paper, ink, press, printers, and office have to be paid for." Something more must be given to the good cause than time and labour. Money must be forthcoming as well, and now, that the Count of CHAMBORD is dead, money is forthcoming no longer. Subscribers in any abundance there never were. Even good Royalists preferred for their own reading some-

thing a little less severe than what they could find in the *Union* and the lesser lights which revolved round it. They went off to papers that mixed Legitimacy with scandal, and left the papers which had only two strings on which to play—the vices of the Republic and the virtues of the Count of CHAMBORD—to get along as they could. The way in which they got along, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was by drawing on the Count of CHAMBORD, and so long as he was there to honour their drafts all went well. Now that he is gone, paper, ink, press, printers, and office have to be paid for as regularly as ever; but there is no one to find the money.

A certain number of Frenchmen will no doubt think it a mistake on the part of the Count of PARIS to be thus niggardly with the supporters of the Monarchy in the press. As he has succeeded to the pretensions of HENRY V., they will argue, he ought to have taken over his liabilities; and among these what can be more important than the machinery of the Royalist propaganda? On the theory that the extinct papers really promoted the interests of the Monarchy, and that the chances of a Restoration will be fewer now that they are no longer printed, their disappearance argues one of two things. Either the Count of PARIS has not the money to spend on these useful but costly missionaries, or he is not liberal enough to spend it. On either hypothesis he will be but a pitiful exchange for the Count of CHAMBORD. A poor man and a parsimonious man are equally out of place at the head of a cause which can only be made to prosper by a large expenditure. This view is shared, at all events professedly, by a great many Republicans. Their feeling for their Royalist countrymen quite runs away with them. It is hard, they say, to have a chief who will not risk a farthing in support of the principles which alone can give him a throne. The true explanation of the matter is that the Count of PARIS has no prospect of mounting the throne unless he dissociates himself from the sort of writing which used to appear in the *Union*. He cannot do this by way of direct disclaimer; for this would be alike ungrateful and undignified. But he can do it, and do it most effectually, by withdrawing the subsidy by means of which the *Union* and other papers of the kind were kept alive. The Count of PARIS has now become the head of a party which, though it is agreed upon the end it wishes to see realized, is not agreed upon the reasons why it wishes this. It is very much to his interest that the whole class of argument which the Legitimist press used to address to the country should fall first into disuse and then into forgetfulness. Until this has happened the Royalist party cannot hope to realize the benefits of the change which has taken place, and they are therefore to be congratulated on the Count's determination to leave the journals in which these arguments have appeared to die a natural death.

The condolences of the Republican press are not entirely reserved for the Royalist party. Some of them are bestowed upon the Count of PARIS himself. It is so very sad—this is the shape into which they commonly throw their compassion—that a peaceful and unambitious man should be dragged from a congenial retirement and forced, by the mere fact of his ancestry and position, to put himself at the head of a forlorn hope. If the Count of PARIS knew his own interest he would abandon his impossible pretensions and take the place of an ordinary citizen. As he will not do this he has no choice but to become a pretender, and to incur all the risks which naturally belong to that vocation. Intrigue, leading first to disappointment and then to exile, is the only prospect that lies before him, and the moment is fast approaching when he must take the first step in this disastrous descent. In all this the wishes of those who offer their condolences are plainly visible. Nothing has happened to make it likely that the Count of PARIS interprets his obligations in this spirit. He has made it clear, by the hand of a journalist who is credited with a large share of his confidence, that in his own opinion he has nothing to do but to sit still. The only Monarchical organization to which he looks for help is the organization which finds expression in the elections to the Chamber of Deputies. If the French nation wishes at any future time to have him for its ruler, it can have him, if it chooses at the same time to accept the principle which he represents. In his judgment, hereditary monarchy is the form of government which can alone extricate France from the difficulties by which she is now beset. Still the question is not what he thinks on this point, but what France thinks; and he does not intend to make any move until the nation itself indicates that it has come round to his opinion. The

underlying confidence which is expressed in this waiting attitude that some day the nation will come round to his opinion is naturally irritating to ardent Republicans; and nothing would please them better than that the Count of PARIS should, by some act of incaution or forgetfulness, give the lie to his own anticipations.

#### THE KING OF SPAIN IN GERMANY.

HAVING by some means patched up or adjourned the dissensions in his Cabinet, the King of SPAIN persists in paying his intended visit to Germany, and he has already arrived in Vienna. His Ministers were said to have been divided in opinion as to the expediency of the journey at the present moment; but the question may have been too trivial to justify a change of Government. According to some official or courtly statements, the KING's principal object was to visit his Austrian connexions; but, as the QUEEN has not accompanied him in his visit to her family, it may be presumed that he had more urgent reasons for overruling his dissentient advisers. The complimentary invitation which was addressed by the German EMPEROR to a young colleague in royalty seems to explain sufficiently an act of little apparent importance. It was natural that ALFONSO XII. should wish not only to see a new country, but to inspect the model army of Europe. In modern times kings are above all things anxious to acquire a military character; and the veteran EMPEROR at least is no amateur soldier. It is also possible that the King of SPAIN may wish to establish personal relations with the chief representative of the monarchical tradition. The German throne is to all appearance secure against revolution; and the Emperor of AUSTRIA, notwithstanding the difficulty of reconciling with one another half a dozen nations and languages, is in all his dominions the undisputed head of a legitimate dynasty. In Central and Eastern Europe there is at present no prospect of a Republic.

French alarmists have some excuse for the suspicion that the King of SPAIN may have a serious design of procuring for himself admission to the German and Austrian alliance, in which Italy is already included. It is not impossible that recent attempts at Republican propagandism may have suggested the prudence of taking precautions against the efforts of foreign agitators. The French Government, though it was assuredly not privy to the military conspiracy in the North of Spain, appears to have hesitated in taking measures for the expulsion from its territory of the supposed chief of the intended insurrection. The more or less voluntary retirement of ZORRILLA into Switzerland may perhaps not have altogether satisfied Spanish susceptibilities. It is nevertheless improbable that the King of SPAIN's journey should lead to any formal diplomatic result. The alliance between Germany and Austria is essentially defensive, having for its principal and almost sole object the maintenance of peace, whether it be threatened from the East or the West. France and Russia are the only enemies against whom it is necessary to take precautions. The unwise denunciation of French Ministers has induced Italy to join the league, in spite of the enmity of the Irredentist faction to Austria. The German Powers need no aid from Spain, though, in the remote contingency of war with France, they might not reject the support of an ally who might possibly effect a useful diversion. Neither Germany nor Austria is likely to undertake the responsibility of interfering in the domestic affairs of Spain; but there can be no doubt that they regard with favour the form of government which is represented by ALFONSO XII. All regular Governments have a common enemy to deal with in revolutionary Socialism. The agrarian Communists of Andalusia differ but little in their objects and their modes of proceeding from the anarchists of Berlin, from the anti-Semitic rioters in Hungary, and from the Nihilists of Russia. It is well that modern Governments are content to deal independently, each in its own dominions, with the enemies of order and civilization.

Fifty or sixty years ago the policy of intervention was expressly recognized both by absolute and by constitutional Governments; and Spain was the chosen scene of their conflicting efforts. The expedition of the Duke of ANGOULÊME was undertaken at the instance of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, for the defence of a legitimate Sovereign against a democratic Parliament. ALEXANDER I.

had previously been with difficulty dissuaded from despatching a Russian army across the whole breadth of Europe to restore absolute royalty in Spain. Ten years later the formation of the Triple Alliance for the exclusion of DON CARLOS from the throne of Spain was regarded by no less a statesman than Lord PALMERSTON as a triumph of Liberal diplomacy. A section of French politicians would perhaps now welcome an opportunity of establishing a second European Republic; but no existing Government openly avows the intention of taking part in the domestic conflicts of its neighbours. A few years ago, when Spain was distracted by civil wars and revolutions, all foreign Powers were content to remain spectators of the struggle. If ALFONSO XII. were to ask the Great Powers for a guarantee of his dynasty, he would incur merited ridicule. It is not impossible that he may make overtures for contingent security against French encroachment; but the danger is too remote to justify any definite engagement. The King of SPAIN may perhaps derive a certain advantage from a formal recognition of his rank as one of the family of kings. His almost forgotten competitor, the head of the male branch of the Spanish BOURBONS, lately took an opportunity of announcing that, notwithstanding a perverse attempt to treat him as a Pretender to the Crown of France, he belonged wholly to Spain. The German and Austrian EMPERORS prefer the claim of DON ALFONSO, if indeed they remember that it is still nominally contested by a rival. The question whether the French or the old Spanish law of succession ought to prevail has been settled by the almost uninterrupted reign of ISABELLA II. and her son. It might have been doubtful whether the Spanish people felt any strong attachment to the dynasty; but for three generations the claims of DON CARLOS and his predecessors have been consistently rejected by the nation, and an Italian Prince of considerable personal merit was unable to conciliate any fraction of popular support.

There is no reason to suppose that the rapid passage of the King of SPAIN through Paris involved any slight to the Government of the Republic. The PRESIDENT, who in ceremonial matters exclusively represents the State, was absent, and the KING may probably have been in haste to reach his destination after the delay which had occurred in the commencement of his journey. His tour of inspection through the Northern province was perhaps indispensable; and, if his language has been accurately reported, it seems to have been attended by some disagreeable incidents. It was afterwards necessary to obtain the assent of the majority of the Spanish Cabinet to his foreign journey, and to make some temporary or permanent settlement of the disputes which threatened a Ministerial change. Paris lies so directly on the road to Berlin that it could scarcely have been avoided without a seeming display of irritation or neglect. It appears that the KING intends to make a certain stay in Paris on his return from Germany; and he will no doubt be received by the PRESIDENT with proper courtesy and respect. It is not probable that his Foreign Minister, who attends him in his journey, will have any serious business to transact with the French Government. If it is true that the KING wished to extend his journey to England, it is to be regretted that his offer was declined. It is possible that the rumour may be unfounded, for ALFONSO XII. knows England well enough to be aware that the autumn is an inconvenient time for the reception of foreign princes. At the German manoeuvres he will have the opportunity of forming or renewing acquaintance with more than one member of the Royal Family.

M. GRÉVY and his Ministers will have sufficient tact to assume that the King of SPAIN's visit to the German EMPEROR implies no want of friendly feeling to France. M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR has had occasion to learn that discourtesy to foreigners causes embarrassment which is not counterbalanced by any increase of popularity at home. His immediate predecessors wantonly alienated the goodwill of Italy. He has himself tried the patience of England by his proceedings in more than one outlying part of the world. His affronts to the Chinese AMBASSADOR have probably added complications to diplomatic difficulties which were already considerable. It is intelligible that French politicians and Ministers should not be amicably disposed to Germany; but it would be highly impolitic to expect foreigners to share their feelings of resentment. Whatever suspicions they may entertain of the King of SPAIN's motives for his present journey, they have no reason to complain of his ostensible purpose.



There is, according to credible report, much room for improvement in the discipline and organization of the Spanish army; and the KING may perhaps hope to acquire useful information at the German manoeuvres. He will not be enlightened by any discovery of diplomatic or political mysteries. As the German Legislature is not in session, the KING will not have the opportunity of studying the singular relations which exist between the Crown and the Parliament. His own Cortes approach more nearly to the Constitutional or English type; but a competent student might learn much from German administration. Kings on their travels have to content themselves with comparatively superficial observation.

#### INDIAN OFFICIALS AND THE ILBERT BILL.

ANOTHER discreditable episode has lent additional gloom to the history of a measure whose career has from the outset been one of blunder and disgrace. It is unnecessary and profitless to speculate as to the process by which, in the course of its journey from Simla, the figures of a telegraphic summary were so falsified as to present in a striking form the exact opposite of the true purport of the message. It would be absurd, of course, to attribute to Lord RIXON or his colleagues any sort of responsibility for a proceeding which, if a fraud, would be one of the stupidest and most shortsighted frauds on record. That such a suspicion should be possible is a disagreeable symptom of the degree to which public confidence in the fairness of the supporters of the measure has been shaken. From first to last the bitterness incidental to an unpopular change has been aggravated by the impression that the means adopted for its introduction were of a character more appropriate to an eager party fight than to the dispassionate, dignified, and cautious deliberations of an Indian Viceroy. Sir ASHLEY EDEN's original suggestion that the expediency of a change should, on some future occasion and at a fitting moment, be considered, was used as a pretext for immediate action, and an effort was made, contrary to his clearly indicated opinion, to get the Bill passed soon enough to allow of its coming into operation simultaneously with the new Code of Criminal Procedure, at the beginning of the current year. The letter which conveyed this proposal from the Government of India to the SECRETARY of STATE was lamentably disingenuous in its suppressions and onesidedness. It omitted altogether the important fact that the Lieutenant-Governor of BENGAL, the Presidency in which alone the measure would have practical operation, was strongly opposed to the projected change. This omission was the more extraordinary inasmuch as the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR had only a few months before, as a member of the Indian Government, joined with the then Legal Member of Council in resisting and defeating a still larger project of reform in the same direction, which the VICEROY was at that time anxious to introduce. The letter relied strongly on the opinions of the Local Governments, and those opinions, again, had been most unfairly obtained on a statement of the proceedings in 1872, in which the arguments then urged against the policy now to be enforced were altogether omitted. In those proceedings Mr. Justice STEPHEN gave, in a few sentences of masterly common sense, the reasons which had led him, the Committee to which the Bill had been referred, and the European community whose feelings on the subject had been tested, to believe that the law as then passed, and as it has stood ever since, was one with which Europeans might be content, and of which no native had any reasonable cause for complaining. Nothing that has been written or said in the long controversy on the subject that has raged ever since last March has met the manly and courageous logic of Sir JAMES STEPHEN's speech. No reference, however, was made in the Government of India's circular to that speech, though the speeches on the other side of the question were set out at length. The views of the Local Governments were, in short, obtained upon a statement of fact and argument which, though excusable in an advocate, was altogether unworthy of the head of a great Empire taking counsel with subordinate rulers on a difficult and dangerous question of policy.

The unfairness in stating the question was aggravated by an emphatic intimation of the opinion at which the Government had already arrived, and full advantage was thus taken of the natural, and perhaps excusable, anxiety of subordinate administrations not to thwart the policy

of the paramount authority. Then came the famous debate of last March, and the foolish and monstrous attempt, by means of a misleading telegram despatched and paid for by the Indian Government, to conceal from the English public the true nature of the disastrous repulse which the advocates of the Bill had sustained, and of the calm, weighty, and well-considered opposition by which its further progress would be resisted. Lord RIXON covered his retreat from that calamitous encounter with the assurance that the opinions of officials should be ascertained and carefully considered by the Government. Those opinions have been, in many instances, for months past in the possession of the Government; but, contrary to the usual course, they have been kept back from the press; and public opinion in England accordingly has been left without any authoritative explanation of the grounds on which the measure is resisted. These opinions are now opportunely allowed to see the light at a moment when, as Lord HARTINGTON so feelingly pointed out the other day at Sheffield, the scourge of Parliamentary interrogation is for the moment in abeyance. Lastly, and more egregiously unfair than all that has gone before, has come the Simla telegram, which, appearing last Saturday morning, left the English public for a couple of days under the impression that the official supporters of the measure in India outnumbered its opponents by four to one, and that in this triumphant majority were to be found the Governors of Madras and Bombay, the Lieutenant-Governors of the North-Western Provinces and of the Punjab, the Chief Commissioners of Burmah and the Central Provinces, and a majority of the Judges of the High Courts other than that of Bengal.

Whatever other details of this transaction may be in darkness, it is at any rate certain that the information on which this telegram was based must have been obtained from a Government official, and that official no Ministerial subordinate, but one with the power and opportunity for estimating the total results and the grounds on which, speaking generally, the various opinions were based. We leave aside the question of figures. We have no intention of guessing as to the fraud or negligence by which the figures "205" were transformed into "26," and "a total of 140" constructed on figures which, according to Messrs. REUTER's own showing, must have made an aggregate of 319. Looking, however, at the general drift of the telegram, we feel constrained to condemn it as misleading to an extent that is absolutely mendacious. Its assertion that the Governors of Madras and Bombay and various Lieutenant-Governors and Chief Commissioners "approve the Bill" is, to all intents and purposes, an untruth. So far from approving it, these high officials suggest in every instance radical qualifications which rob the measure of its essential qualities, and violate the principles on which it professes to be based. The Governor of Madras, while deprecating on general grounds the withdrawal of a measure with which the Government is so closely identified, would confine its operation to "covenanted civilians"—that is, to the handful of natives who have passed the competitive examination, a class which has been officially described as "small and dwindling," and which has actually in Bengal received no single recruit for several years past. His colleague, Sir F. ROBERTS, is so far from approving the principle of the Bill that he is actually prepared to prohibit, for the present, any further enrolment of natives in the Covenanted Civil Service. The Governor of Bombay would qualify the Bill by limiting its provisions to Sessions and District Judges, and giving every European the right to claim a jury. Even the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab—whose subservient precipitancy in adopting the VICEROY's schemes contrasts unfavourably with the manly independence and statesmanship of a long list of distinguished predecessors—qualifies his acceptance of the Bill by imposing in the case of native officials a long period of probation and several strict tests from which European officers are exempt. The Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces would restrict the proposed concession to the District Magistrate; and, as there will certainly be no native Magistrate of the District in that Province for many years to come, his recommendation is a polite form of postponing the measure to the Greek Calends. In like manner the reasons given by the Chief Commissioners of Burmah and the Central Provinces for their partial adherence to the measure are an undisguised admission that the Bill upon which their opinion was invited is wholly indefensible. To come to another class of authorities, the Chief Justices of Madras and Allahabad give but a

guarded assent to the least offensive portions of the proposed Bill; while the acting Chief Justice of Bombay concurs with the Chief Justice of Bengal and the entire European Bench of the Calcutta High Court in condemning it altogether. No single supporter of the measure, so far as our information at present goes, is prepared to support it in its integrity, or in any form in which it will meet the objects and carry out the principles on which its introduction was based.

As we descend in the official hierarchy, and come to a class of officials who have practical acquaintance with the subject-matter of the dispute, we find a still more overwhelming preponderance of opinion adverse to the measure. It is significant that nearly a third of the native answers are in favour of withdrawal, and that so high an authority as Sir MADAVA RAO recommends that the attempt to pass the Bill should not, in the existing state of public opinion, be continued. The grounds on which the vast consensus of official opinion rests are familiar to all who have paid the least attention to Indian politics, and have been frequently discussed in these columns. We do not propose to renew the consideration of them on the present occasion. The supporters of the Bill in this country will now have an opportunity of exchanging the rhetoric of Radical platforms for the weighty arguments of men who—whatever their other disqualifications for controversy—have an intimate acquaintance with the various bearings of the matter in hand, and a life-long experience of the races and classes whom it concerns. Surely even Mr. BRIGHT in his soberer moments must hesitate when he finds himself advocating a change for which no one but a few pretentious persons has asked—which, confessedly, will not improve the administration of justice in any single particular, and which the entire body of his fellow-countrymen unite in condemning as unnecessary and impolitic. Nothing is more unmistakable than the indifference or active dislike exhibited by the great mass of the natives to a change which, while it will do them no practical good, will gratify the vanity of a class for which they have no particular esteem, at the price of the good will and harmony on which they know full well that the general welfare essentially depends. Lord RIPON at the outset believed himself to be acting with the concurrence of the official class and in the interest of the native community. Under this idea he has broken up the tranquillity which many years of good government had produced, and resuscitated passions and prejudices which were far on the high road to oblivion; he has hopelessly alienated the great European community by whose co-operation the development of the country is being brought about; he has roused a noisy and excitable class into turbulence; he has left the angriest controversy ever known in India to gather strength and violence through six months of expectation. He now knows the completeness of his mistake and the serious effects of injudicious meddling; and he will, unless he wishes to signalize his Viceroyalty by a crime as well as a blunder, withdraw from a position which, however reluctant he may be to admit it, he must now be convinced by every form of argument which can influence a reasonable man to be untenable.

#### THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

THE dead season in the politics of Western Europe is commonly relieved by a simultaneous activity in the politics of the East. No one has forgotten the autumn which was marked by the Bulgarian atrocity agitation in England, and which preceded the outbreak of the war between Russia and Turkey. The season in which, as if by common consent, rulers and politicians take their annual holiday is enlivened in this year, as in others, by fresh movements in the East. How much importance is to be attached to them, as they from time to time recur, can only be shown by the result; and probably those most expert in the details of the Eastern question are wholly unable to say whether this or that one of the countless political intrigues or popular movements of which the Balkan Peninsula is the hotbed is likely to lead to any practical consequences. Sometimes a movement which, if left to itself, would in the natural course of events have a good chance of success, is checked and thwarted by stronger interests with which its success is incompatible; and, on the other hand, a mere casual spark may happen to fall on such inflammable material that a conflagration may arise which no statesmanship can extinguish. Whether the events which are now at-

tracting attention in the East are to be regarded as only symptoms of the chronic unrest which prevails in that part of Europe, or as heralds of graver troubles, time will show. The peculiarity of the Eastern question as distinguished from the other political problems which vex European statesmen is that it is always in a state of simmer; and a slight addition of heat applied at whatever point may at any time bring it to the boil. Within the last few weeks there have been signs of unusual agitation both in Bulgaria and in Croatia.

Of the crisis in Bulgaria the versions differ in detail, but are substantially the same. The main point to be observed is that Prince ALEXANDER, the nominal ruler of Bulgaria, is not free to choose his Ministers either according to his own wish or according to that of the people over whom he rules, but is compelled to accept them or dismiss them according to the hints or orders which he may happen to receive from St. Petersburg. On the present occasion we hear more of orders than of hints. It seems that Prince ALEXANDER, resenting the steady pressure put upon him by the Russian Government, determined to change his Cabinet, and ordered General SOBOLEFF, a Russian and a leader of the Russian party in Bulgaria, to leave the country. According to the well-informed Vienna Correspondent of the *Standard*, the GENERAL was able to produce a letter from the CZAR, forbidding him to give up his post even at the bidding of the PRINCE. The vassalage of Bulgaria to Russia could hardly be more strongly expressed. But the matter did not end here. After the Russian military agents had done their part, the diplomatic agents appeared upon the scene, and their language was as peremptory and menacing as that of General SOBOLEFF. The demands which they made were almost equivalent to an ultimatum—an ultimatum which no independent State, seeing the least chance of successful resistance, would have consented to accept. Among the conditions enforced upon the PRINCE were that he should resign the autocratic powers which he assumed some months ago in dismissing the pretence of a National Assembly which played at Parliamentary government in Bulgaria; that a new Assembly should be convoked to revise the Constitution; and that meanwhile all should be left in the hands of the Russian agents who now openly govern Bulgaria in the name of Prince ALEXANDER. The PRINCE at first refused to accept these conditions; but after a few days was forced to resign himself to the inevitable, and a decree has been issued convoking the Assembly for to-day, the 15th of September. It is said that the PRINCE's surrender was due to the advice of the Austrian and German Governments, who are unwilling to see the Eastern question reopened at the present time, and not unwilling to see the high-handed proceedings of Russia render her unpopular in Bulgaria. However this may be, it is evident that for the present Russian influence is paramount in the Principality; and it is not unlikely that this fresh assertion of it is intended as a public reply to the recent displays of friendship between Austria and Roumania. Matters have even gone so far that the question is openly discussed who is to be Prince ALEXANDER's successor in case it should suit the policy of Russia to depose him. The two candidates named are Prince KARAGEORGEVICS, son-in-law to the Prince of MONTENEGRO, and pretender to the Serbian crown, and Prince WALDEMAR of Denmark, both of whom, it is needless to add, are likely to be zealous promoters of Russian interests. Some weeks ago we called attention to the active intrigues carried on by Russia in Macedonia, to the detriment alike of Turkey, Greece, and Austria. In Bulgaria the action of Russia cannot be described as a policy of intrigue. It is perfectly open and undisguised, and it needs a credulity hardly consistent with sanity to believe that it has any other end than the selfish aggrandizement of Russia. The time has gone by to talk of the civilizing and enfranchising mission of Russia in the Balkan Peninsula. The greater part of that Peninsula, and notably Bulgaria, is, as the Russian soldiers in the last war saw with astonishment, far more highly civilized than most of Russia itself; and so far is Bulgaria from being rendered independent by the action of Russia, that it has in fact exchanged the rule of a weak and decaying for that of a strong and aggressive Power.

While these events are taking place in Bulgaria, a movement of a very different kind is going on in Croatia. The accounts which we receive of the latter do not altogether agree one with another, some attributing to it more of a political, and others more of a socialist, character. The first evidences of it were certainly of a political



nature, and it is probable that antipathies of race are at the bottom of it. It is, nevertheless, quite possible that disturbances due originally to political causes may give the antagonism between the rich and the poor a good opportunity to display itself. The first outbreaks in Croatia, which occurred not very many days ago, were caused by the printing of public notices, documents, and the like, in the Hungarian as well as the Croatian language, and by other such acts, all tending to recognize Hungarian as the official language of the country. This action of the Government furnished the occasion for the old and deeply-rooted hostility of the Slav and the Magyar to break out afresh. The obnoxious notices were removed by the people; in many places the Hungarian arms and all symbols of Magyar supremacy were torn down; a considerable part of the country is now in open revolt, and large numbers of troops are hastening to the disturbed districts. The Ban of Croatia, Count PEJACEVICS, a gentleman of Slavonic origin and sympathies, and said to be descended from the ancient Kings of Croatia, was unable or unwilling to carry out the wishes of the Government, and has accordingly resigned his office. It cannot be supposed that the insurgents will be able to offer any serious resistance to the forces sent against them. They may be able to carry on a desultory warfare for several weeks, or perhaps even longer; but more than this they cannot hope to do. The rising is only an example of the constant ferment which prevails in the South-East of Europe, and of the difficulties which constantly beset a Power like Austria, whose function it is to blend these heterogeneous elements into one political whole.

The hostility between Croatia and Hungary is of old standing. Nearly eight hundred years have elapsed since the first conquest of Croatia by the Hungarians, and the feelings of enmity between the two are not yet extinct. The possession of the country was often disputed between Hungary and other Powers, and the frontier frequently changed; but the Hungarian rule has been permanent, and at no time since the close of the eleventh century has Croatia ever again been an independent State. How deep the antipathy of the Croatian to the Hungarian lies was shown by the events of the years 1848 and 1849. It was JELLACHICH, the Ban of Croatia, at the head of a horde, rather than an army, of Croats, who helped to save Vienna in October of the former year both from the revolutionary party inside the walls and from the Hungarian troops who then threatened to march on the city. In the same and in the following year he took an active part in the war in Hungary itself, and, though by no means always victorious, he still contributed materially to the suppression of the Hungarian revolt. Austria was then saved from the Magyars by her Slavonic subjects, and by Russia, her Slavonic ally. The position of affairs is now reversed. Pan Slavism, headed by Russia, is now the most dangerous enemy which threatens the monarchy of the HAPSBURGS. But the Slavonic elements in the dual Monarchy are as hostile to the Magyar as they are to the German element in it. And thus the same common danger which thirty-five years ago, before the idea of Pan Slavism had become a living force in politics, drew the Slav and the German together, now operates as a bond of union between the German and the Magyar. Both are alike threatened by the development of Pan Slavism within the Empire and by the advance of Russia without; and a close union between the two is the only means both to withstand the advance of Russia in the Balkan Peninsula and to maintain the integrity of the Empire itself.

#### IRELAND.

A TOLERABLY complete account of the present position of Irish affairs is to be found in a judicious phrase used by Lord COLERIDGE to one of his American interviewers. Ireland, as the Lord Chief Justice observed, is in its usual condition. The description was no doubt mentally qualified by him, for, as it stands, it is not quite satisfactory. Ireland continues to be in the condition which is usual with it just after a large concession has been made to agitation, and while a stringent Act for the prevention of crime is being enforced with some vigour. Murder and arson have almost ceased. Decent people can attend to their business without continual fear of violence, and there is some sort of security that rents will be paid. On the surface all is as quiet as need be, as far as action is concerned, and even the

commonplaces of patriotic orators who preach the gospel of anarchy are mingled with references to the necessity of not violating the law too openly. The pause in the fussy activity of Parliament, which is so pleasing to Lord HARTINGTON, is felt to be particularly beneficial in Irish affairs. It leaves the representatives of Ireland more at liberty to agitate at home; but as far as England is concerned that is apparently felt to be a gain. Half a dozen Irish members talking treason in Ireland produce a much less profound effect than the same number of persons engaged in obstruction and indiscriminate personal abuse in the House of Commons. For the moment, too, Irish members have ceased to incite their hearers to those strong patriotic measures which are so uniformly found to take the form of assassination and fire-raising.

There are no doubt observers in England to whom this appearance of quiet is wholly satisfactory. By resolutely ignoring the influence of the Crimes Act, it is possible to persuade oneself that Ireland is being made peaceful and contented by remedial legislation and wise concession. Having once accepted that view, it is only a step to the belief that Mr. PARNELL has resigned himself to the day of small things. His moderation may be attributed to a tardy conviction that justice, even as he understands it, has been done to Ireland, and that only smaller reforms can now be obtained or are to be desired. Nothing indeed can well be more soothing than the tone he has adopted since Parliament broke up. It is true that this amiability came a little late. When Mr. HEALY, in the happy consciousness that a suspension did not matter much in the second week in August, was enlivening the last day of the Session by having a fling at everybody, Mr. PARNELL maintained a dignified reserve. If he has spoken words of peace, it is as well to remember that they may be safely used by a popular leader who has mastered the art of obtaining concessions. When the time comes for further demands, Mr. PARNELL will be able to point to his late moderation as a proof that he has acted with the sweetest reasonableness, and that he is forced into taking strong measures by the obstinacy of his opponents. It is an argument which, as he well knows, has no small influence on certain minds in the Liberal party. It is his part to pose as the temperate statesman, who is asking for nothing that the party within a party which has Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for its GAMBETTA and Mr. LABOUCHERE for its CLÉMENTEAU cannot reasonably be asked to grant. Meanwhile, those other members of the Irish National party who have a different cue have been engaged in making crude statements of their aims. At Carrpamore, and again at Waterford, Irish eloquence has been heard in the familiar strain. Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. HARRINGTON have again declared that nothing short of Home Rule will satisfy Ireland. The beneficent Land Act has been described in the familiar style as a measure meant to bolster up landlordism, and as oppressive to the tenant. On this text Mr. DAVITT has preached with all his usual unction. The heads of his discourses ought by this time to be known by heart throughout the three kingdoms. After all that Mr. PARNELL has gained from an alien Legislature, it is still the lamentable fact that landlords exist in Ireland; and not only do they exist, but they can still exact payment of rent. Insolvent or dishonest tenants can be, and are, evicted. Only one-sixth of the holdings in Ireland have been dealt with by the courts, and rents have not been reduced by more than 200,000*l.* a year. It is absolutely no answer to Mr. DAVITT to say that many tenants have no wish to come into court, or that the fears and needs of landlords are forcing them to make private arrangements. The party of which he is the spokesman, and which Mr. PARNELL leads in Parliament, has no wish to see Irish tenants come to any kind of permanent agreement with their landlords. Their aims are to abolish landlords altogether, and then to bring about a complete separation between Ireland and England. It is futile to suppose that they will desist from attempting to gain these objects. They exist as party leaders for the purpose of fighting for them. Irish members know very well that the tenants who have been rewarded with a reduction of rent for supporting a violent agitation will have exactly the same motive for continuing to agitate. Their wish to get money by the easy process of taking it from somebody else will not be weaker because something has been already surrendered to them. This greed is the great motive power of Irish politics, and the party leaders know that they can rely on it. When, in the fulness of time, another opportunity is afforded for laying hands on the landlords' property, the tenants will be as

ready as ever to support their chiefs. For the moment the way is barred by coercive legislation and by the fact that the Radical masters of the Liberal party have work to do in England. Meanwhile the honeyed words of Mr. PARNELL cannot hide the unpleasant truth that, after a gift to the tenants which Mr. DAVITT himself estimates at 200,000*l.* a year, peace can only be kept in Ireland by arming the Administration with something not far short of the power exercised by a court-martial in a mutiny.

An instructive side light has been thrown on the working of the Ministerial measures of reform by a case which has come before the Justices of the Peace at Tullamore. As the matter is still *sub judice* any comment on its merits would be obviously out of place, but something is to be learnt from a mere statement of the accusation. A certain landowner, who is also a Justice of the Peace, has been accused of collusion with one of his tenants to obtain the benefit of the Arrears Act. The methods which he is charged with having adopted are extremely simple. In one case it is said that in his quality of Justice of the Peace he certified the truth of certain statements made by one of his tenants. This man had joined with him in an application to the Court to obtain the benefit of the Arrears Act. The affidavit which the landowner certified asserted that the rent had only been paid up to 1881, and that there were antecedent arrears, whereas it is alleged the tenant had paid his rent up to November 1882. The other charges are all of the same character. By all of them the landlord is accused of agreeing with his tenants to make false representations with the object of obtaining money from Government. Of the merits of this particular case nothing need be said, but it may safely be asserted that nobody would be thus accused if there were not a strong general belief in Ireland that collusion of this nature is common. And, indeed, there is every reason why it should be common. The poorer landlords are in pressing need of money, and how ardently the tenants love it we have good reason to know. The temptation to make a joint attempt to defraud the State must be very strong, and the chances of detection are comparatively small. If the landlord and the tenant agree in asserting that so much rent has or has not been paid, and that such sums are or are not due, it is very difficult for the Court to check their statements. When both are agreed, nothing is easier than the suppression of a receipt, and the fact that they are in the same boat will tend to produce confidence between them. It may be assumed without a too gross want of charity that some at least of the smaller landlords share the common belief of their countrymen as to the lawfulness of gaining everything which can be obtained by a dexterous use of fiction. Neither is it very rash to suppose that at least some landlords have been successful in carrying out the very Irish stratagem which is above described, and have had their share of the good things to be got from a gullible Government. Some proportion of the taxpayer's money has gone in this way under the provisions of the Arrears Act. Supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy will probably not appeal to this as a proof of its success. Not the less it is in a certain sense. He has undertaken to reconcile those hereditary enemies the Irish landlord and the Irish tenant, and he has been so far successful that some of them are ready to join heartily in the work of defrauding the Treasury.

#### A DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

THE great being who guides the affairs of Europe as *Times* Correspondent at Paris has—to employ a slang phrase—been in great form of late. A week ago he filled half a page of the “leading journal” with an account of his own doings on a memorable afternoon. In that wonderful style which he has introduced into journalism, and which is a very superior form of the curious English talked by hotel waiters and corresponding clerks all over Europe, he gave us the history of several hours spent in walking to and fro and running up and down to catch His Majesty the King of SPAIN. A few days later he published portions of a diplomatic correspondence which had been forwarded to him by one of his correspondents in East Africa. Not a few interesting questions might be asked about these letters. It would, for one thing, be very instructive if we could learn how they got into the possession of the *Times* Correspondent. They are presumably State papers which can only be published by the consent of a properly qualified authority, and yet they find their way into the hands of a writer who, great

man as he is, is after all only a private person. Why is there only one of Captain JOHNSTONE'S letters to so many of Admiral PIERRE'S? How comes it that a certain Colonial Governor figures so largely and so much to his honour in some of the contents of this letter-bag? These mysteries may possibly be cleared up in the proper time and place; for the present we are only concerned with the correspondence itself, which for various reasons is well worthy of attention. A certain reserve must be exercised in judging of these letters of Admiral PIERRE'S. Only a selection is at present before the public, and until we have the whole it is scarcely possible to estimate their character fairly. Then there is a personal consideration which cannot be overlooked. Just before the letters appeared in the *Times* Admiral PIERRE died, and it is known that he had been suffering from a painful disease, greatly aggravated by hard work and responsibility, for some time before his death. In view of these facts it is only right to make some allowances. The irritation caused by pain is to some extent an excuse for the tone which prevails throughout the late ADMIRAL'S letters. Neither is it commendable to make war on the dead. The way, however, in which the correspondence has been written about in Paris makes comment perfectly legitimate. There has been apparently no difference of opinion as to its merits. Admiral PIERRE is considered to have conducted himself in a way altogether worthy of a French officer, and his letters to Captain JOHNSTONE are considered to reflect nothing but honour on France. These things being thus, it is not uninteresting to see what is the conduct we are to expect in the future from French admirals who wish to keep up their character with their countrymen.

Certainly the only letter of Captain JOHNSTONE'S which has been published seems scarcely to justify the exceeding wrath of Admiral PIERRE. It is a firm, but perfectly courteous, protest against the manner in which Tamatave was attacked. Captain JOHNSTONE merely states that he had been informed that the British residents in the town did not receive due warning of the bombardment, and that it had caused them very serious loss. In consequence he enters a merely formal protest, in which he is careful to say that he only accepts the reports given him with reserve. Whether Captain JOHNSTONE was well informed or not, he only did his duty by protesting on behalf of the people he was sent to protect; and, at least according to English notions, Admiral PIERRE would have done enough if he had returned a merely formal acknowledgment of receipt, and had referred the question of damages to a competent authority. So tame a course would not, however, have suited the dignity of France as it was understood by Admiral PIERRE. It is not too much to say that he answered Captain JOHNSTONE'S letter in the tone of a man who was seeking a quarrel. He stood upon his dignity with the fidgety promptitude of a man who is not sure of his position. Instead of sticking to the facts, he expatiated on his personal opinion of Captain JOHNSTONE'S conduct. He would not acknowledge that the English officer had any right to speak for any of the residents in Tamatave, and ends with a piece of gratuitous rudeness by announcing he would receive no more letters on the subject. In a second communication of the same date, and apparently in answer to the same protest, he enters into the question of whether he gave proper warning. Captain JOHNSTONE complained that no information of the intention to open fire on the town had been given; and Admiral PIERRE'S answer is that a month before he had announced in general terms that hostilities were to begin, and that for the rest he was not bound to let anybody know his plans. This letter also ends with a refusal to receive further letters. As the *Times* Correspondent's friend in East Africa has not carried his indiscretion to the length of forwarding any of Captain JOHNSTONE'S other despatches, it is impossible to say whether or not they contain anything which justifies the increasing insolence of Admiral PIERRE'S answers; but it may be said that nothing short of downright threats would be enough. In one of these letters the French officer speaks of a “lesson” which Captain JOHNSTONE had been “kind enough” to give him. The word lesson might be applied to his own style, which is exactly that of an angry schoolmaster. He will listen to nothing, he will be bound by nothing, and he chops logic. He treats every representation the Captain of the *Dryad* makes to him as an unwarrantable impertinence. At last he takes refuge in the resource of a weak and angry man by declaring that he is too old and too high in his service to listen to expostulation



from an officer of the rank of Commander. What we learn from these despatches as to the conduct which is considered as wholly worthy of France is not reassuring for the future. It appears that French officers are expected by their countrymen to insist on doing what they please, and to treat the representations of foreigners as an "arrogant pretension," to use the expressive phrase of Admiral PIERRE.

A marked change comes over the tone of the correspondence with the appearance of Mr. POPE HENNESSY. The Governor of MAURITIUS thoroughly understands how to deal with French admirals. He knows that they are a great people and must be cracked up accordingly. Therefore, when he has to send a vessel to bring off the British residents in Tamatave, he prepares the way for a satisfactory arrangement by judicious references to the noble sentiments of this terrible French officer. This soft method was rewarded with some small degree of success. Captain CRAWFORD was allowed to bring away as many of the British residents as his vessel, the *Stella*, could carry; but even Mr. POPE HENNESSY failed when he came to ask for a more serious favour. Mr. SHAW was at that time still at large in the ship which Mr. GLADSTONE could not recognize as a prison. This degree of liberty, however, did not, strange to say, seem sufficient to the missionary's wife, and she came to ask for her husband's release armed with a letter from the Governor of MAURITIUS. The answer which Admiral PIERRE makes to the "courteous inquiries" contained in this document gives almost the first authoritative account we have yet received of the reasons why Mr. SHAW was imprisoned, and a very remarkable story it is. Until now it had generally been supposed that the missionary was accused of harbouring spies; but it appears that his only offence was to have been the tenant of a house in which a picket of French soldiers got drunk. Admiral PIERRE's version of the story, as it is given in the translation in the *Times*, is worth quoting:—"On the occupation of Tamatave by the French, Mr. SHAW inhabited as tenant a house which was proposed (*sic*) by the owner, Mr. AITKEN, to receive a picket of soldiers. When they came to take up their quarters, they found in the garden bottles of wine, evidently set out (*disposées*) to tempt them. Those who tasted suddenly fell into a state of lethargic intoxication." The ADMIRAL obviously shared to the full his countrymen's admirable faculty for telling a story.

It appears therefore that Mr. SHAW was imprisoned on the charge of having committed what under the circumstances would have been the imbecile offence of having poisoned a handful of French soldiers. In view of the fact that he has since been released on the ground that there was nothing to try him for, the gravity with which Admiral PIERRE talks about the judicial character of these proceedings is slightly absurd. Indeed, if anything was wanted to show that Mr. SHAW was arrested wholly and solely to get rid of an influential English missionary and to frighten his Malagasy friends, it would be this ridiculous story. A more obvious instance of a vamped-up accusation was never heard of. Looking at the hollow character of the whole transaction it is impossible to read Admiral PIERRE's solemn sentimentalities about Mrs. SHAW's unhappy position and his harrowed feelings, or his penny-a-lining reference to the "dramatic element" which her arrival brought into the situation, without indignation. It is not desirable to act in this matter with any want of generosity, but it is to be hoped that Admiral PIERRE's death will not induce the English Government to desist from demanding a disavowal of his conduct from the French Ministry.

#### BURGLARIES.

THE social season in London has now been over for some weeks, and all who can are enjoying their holidays. There are, however, some professional men whom a press of business compels to forego the annual recreation which their more fortunate brethren are able to indulge in. Among these are the burglars. Their season, which may be divided into two parts, has now begun. At first sight the comparatively short nights of September might seem unfavourable to the burglar's pursuits. But, as a set-off against this drawback, there is the fact that at this time of the year he finds ten times as many desirable residences vacant as he does at any other season. Even if he goes to work at random on any of the houses which he knows to be

empty, his chances of interruption from the servant or caretaker left in charge are far less than they would be from the numerous inmates who inhabit it at other seasons of the year. But the scientific burglar does not go to work at random. He ascertains, before trying to break into a house, what sort of spoil he is likely to find, and what sort of resistance he is likely to meet with. It is by no means every master of a house who, on going away for his weeks of holiday, is prudent enough to deposit his valuables where they cannot be stolen, or even to leave any efficient person in charge of them. Through tradesmen, servants, and hangers-on of all kinds, the habits of a well-to-do household are far better known in the neighbourhood than the family itself has any notion of, and a housebreaker of ordinary ingenuity has no difficulty in quietly getting all the information which he needs in order to know beforehand what houses are likely to prove worth his while to attack. As the autumn advances, and the darkness and fogs of winter come on, the second part of his season begins. Large numbers of people have then returned to town; the plate and jewelry of those who placed them in safe keeping during their absence are now back again in the house, and the weather gives facilities to the burglar which the holiday season denies him. On the other hand, he then finds a houseful of people, and his chances of detection are greatly increased. It is true, also, that his chances of escape, if he once succeeds in getting clear of the premises, are much greater. If he can disable or frighten the inmates of the house, when discovered, by discharging his revolver, and make his way out into the fog and darkness, he may walk home as safely as if he had been paying a visit to a friend.

A man suspected of being one of the Wimbledon burglars who shot at and wounded a police constable in pursuit has within the last few days been arrested and is now awaiting trial. Three men have been taken up on the charge of loitering about the neighbourhood of Russell Square in the middle of the night with implements for housebreaking in their possession, and, further, of violently assaulting the police. A "jemmy," a crowbar, a chisel, and a dark lantern were among the trophies which the police secured on this occasion, the ownership of none of which implements seems to favour the theory for the defence that the prisoners were harmlessly "taking a walk." Nor are persons engaged in this innocent and healthful exercise in the habit of knocking down and kicking the police. In the papers of the same day on which these facts are recorded we read of a burglary at Bethnal Green, the man charged with which has been committed for trial; and of an attempt at housebreaking at Camberwell where the burglar, though hotly pursued, managed to make his escape. In the house of the man charged with the Wimbledon burglary a perfect arsenal of housebreaking implements was discovered. Among these were eighty-three skeleton keys, twelve wedges, three "jimmies," four knives, a pair of pliers, a chisel, two files, a six-chambered loaded revolver, and a reserve of cartridges. Apparently the improvements in the art of burglary have not kept pace with the progress of the allied callings of the forger of bank-notes and the coiner of false money. We read, for example, that there are no less than twenty thousand spurious sovereigns now in circulation in England, so skilfully imitated that it needs a scientific expert to distinguish them from the genuine gold. In like manner, it is only the fact that the forgers cannot find out the method of manufacturing the paper used for Bank of England notes which prevents them from palming off on the public as good counterfeits of these as they have done of less skilfully manufactured foreign bank-notes. The rogue, in these cases, profits by the advance of science no less than the honest man. The burglar, however, is in a different position. His tools are no better than they used to be. What makes him a more formidable person than he formerly was is that he now carries, and freely uses, arms which are not, as a rule, in the possession of the peaceable householder whom he despoils, and are never at all in the possession of the police, whose office it is to defend society against these beasts of prey.

That the question of arming the police with weapons not inferior to those used by the burglar is a serious one is shown by the meeting of the twenty divisional superintendents of the Metropolitan Police held last Wednesday at Scotland Yard. The object of the meeting, which was specially called together, was to discuss this question. Of the whole number of superintendents present only six, it appears, were distinctly in favour of arming the police with

revolvers. The other fourteen were in favour of avoiding the experiment, "if possible," as is significantly added. It seems clear from this addition that the majority look on the question as by no means finally settled, and do not deny that a further increase in the number and murderous character of burglaries may render the proposed step necessary. The only argument on which the majority based their objection was, to judge from the scanty reports published in the papers, "that it might be dangerous to put 'revolvers in the hands of men who might rashly use them.'" With all deference to the opinion of those who have intimate practical knowledge of the police and of the criminal classes, we cannot see the force of this argument. It is evident to any one who reads the newspapers that for one case in which a policeman is charged with making a cruel or improper use of the staff which he now carries (and which is by no means a weapon to be trifled with), there are fifty in which he is wounded and maltreated by the ruffians whom he tries to take into custody. Surely the exemplary manner in which the police habitually behave in this respect affords some guarantee that the additional weapon which they may need to protect their lives will not be used recklessly. With what fairness, we would further ask, can we place a policeman, for our own advantage and safety, in a position in which he runs a serious risk of losing his life, and at the same time deny him the means of defending it? It is perfectly well known that most professional burglars carry deadly weapons with them, and do not hesitate to make the freest use of them against anybody who interferes with their occupation. The knowledge that they are better armed than the police gives them, not unnaturally, a confidence which the latter, however courageous, cannot possibly have. We must bear in mind also the difference in value between the life of a burglar and that of an efficient constable. If a house-breaker is shot, it is a good riddance; but if a capable policeman loses his life, society also loses something of no small value. It is as absurd and unjust to send a badly-armed constable against a well-armed burglar as it would be to arm our troops with rifles of an old pattern and send them against an enemy furnished with rifles of the best and newest pattern. There is still another consideration which tells in favour of supplying the police who do duty in dangerous districts with revolvers. The mere fact that they were known to carry them would have the strongest deterrent effect on the burglar. At present, when detected, he makes off; and, if his pursuers gain ground on him, can turn round and take deliberate aim on them as they advance. A policeman's truncheon is useless till he comes to close quarters; but before this happens a cool-headed burglar has often time to fire two or three shots at him. The mere knowledge that burglary had become a more dangerous trade than it used to be would probably in a short time greatly reduce the number of burglaries, and, when they did occur, would greatly reduce the risk of those whose business it is to guard our property. It is folly in a matter of this sort to talk about the sacredness of human life. What is wanted is simply to equalize the risk between a useful and a worse than useless human life. At present, when a constable and a house-breaker come into conflict, it is much more likely that the house-breaker can and will kill the constable than that the constable either will or can kill the house-breaker. Even if the two are similarly armed, the policeman's greater reluctance to take life will put him at a disadvantage with the reckless ruffians who take to burglary. But this is a disadvantage which cannot be got over. The inferiority of weapons can. At any rate a revolver seems more to the purpose than the alternative device of a whistle, which has been actually proposed, apparently not in jest.

#### HENRI CONSCIENCE.

THE last ten years have been marked by what we may venture to call an unprecedented mortality among the representative novelists of Europe. The fatal decade opened with the death of Manzoni, a loss which Italy has not ceased to lament. In 1875 Denmark parted from one who was not the greatest, but certainly by far the most celebrated of her writers, Hans Christian Andersen. The death of George Sand in 1876 was speedily followed by that of a woman, Fernán Caballero, who was if possible more to Spain than Mme. Dudevant was to France. In 1880 George Eliot passed away from us, and Auerbach from the Germans in 1882. Scarcely a fortnight ago, Russia experienced the loss of a genius perhaps greater than that of any we have mentioned, and the ashes of Turgénieff are scarcely cold before Belgium is called upon to mourn the only man in whose person her literature has ever succeeded in winning the ear of Europe.

Henri Conscience died at his house in Antwerp on Monday night, having never recovered from the excitement caused by the festival held in his honour three weeks ago, when his statue was unveiled. It will be remembered that Hans Andersen, in like manner, survived the honours of a public monument by a very short space of time. The death of Conscience leaves Jókai, the Magyar writer, the solitary survivor among those popular novelists of the smaller countries of Europe who formed so prominent a feature in general literature in the central years of the present century.

The career of Conscience was as curious and as romantic as that of any of his heroes. Although he invariably signed his Christian name Hendrik, he was a Frenchman, and his name was Henri. His father was a very eccentric officer in the French Imperial Navy, who took an appointment in the docks at Antwerp in 1811, when that city formed part of the French dominions. He soon married a Flemish girl, who presented him, on the 3rd of December, 1812, with a son, who was christened Henri. In 1815 the French abandoned Antwerp after the Congress of Vienna, but left the elder Conscience behind them. It seems that he took up the business of buying and breaking up worn-out vessels, such as the port of Antwerp was full of after the peace. The child grew up in an old shop full of marine stores, to which the father afterwards added a collection of waste paper and unsaleable books. Mme. Conscience died when her eldest son was seven years old, and the boy and his younger brother had no other companion than their grim and eccentric father. Henri soon developed an insatiable passion for reading, and revelled all day long among the ancient, torn, and musty tomes that passed through the garret on their way to destruction. Suddenly, when the boys were half-grown, the father took a violent dislike to the town, sold his shop, and retreated to that Campine which Henri Conscience describes so often in his books—the desolate flat land that stretches between Antwerp and Venloo. Here he bought a little farm, with a great garden round it, and here, while their father was buying ships in distant havens, the boys would spend weeks and even months in complete solitude.

After an adolescence spent under these extraordinary circumstances, we next find the young man, at the age of seventeen, earning a desultory livelihood as a tutor in Antwerp, prosecuting, no doubt, his own studies at the same time. The latter must, however, have been soon rudely broken into by the Belgian Revolution of 1830, which excited the youth very deeply, and made a man of him. He volunteered as a private in the Belgian army, and for six weary years he served as a soldier. Already, in 1830, he had formed the idea of writing in the despised idiom of the country, an idiom which was considered too low to be spoken or written by educated Belgians. Although, close by, across the Scheldt, the Dutch possessed a rich and honoured literature, many centuries old, written in a language scarcely differing from Flemish, a foolish prejudice denied recognition to anything written in the Flemish provinces. As a matter of fact, nothing had been written there for many years, when the separation in 1830 seemed to make the chasm between the nations and the languages one which could never be bridged over. It was therefore with prophetic foresight that Conscience wrote, in 1830 itself, "I do not know how it is, but I confess I find in the real Flemish something indescribably romantic, mysterious, profound, energetic, even savage. If ever I gain the power to write, I shall throw myself head over ears into Flemish literature." His poems, however, while he was a soldier, were all in French; in 1836, having only reached the rank of sergeant-major, he was discharged without a pension. He went back into his father's house, and determined to do the impossible, and write a Flemish book. He found a passage in Guicciardini which fired his fancy, and straightway he wrote off that series of scenes in the war of Dutch independence which lives in Belgian literature under the title of *In't wonderjaar* 1566, and which was published in Ghent in 1837.

The young man's first venture had one unforeseen result. His father thought it so vulgar of him to write a book in Flemish that he turned him out of doors. The celebrated novelist of the future started for Antwerp, with a fortune which was strictly confined to two francs and a bundle of clothes, if we do not add to these possessions the ardour and energy of five-and-twenty. An old school-fellow found him in the streets, and took him to his home; and soon various people of position, among them the eminent painter Wappers, interested themselves in the brilliant and unfortunate young man. Wappers even gave him a suit of clothes, and presented him to the King, under whose patronage he published, also in 1837, his second volume, *Phantasia*, a collection of short romances. A small appointment in the Provincial Archives relieved him from the actual pressure of want, and in 1838 he made his first great success with an historical novel in three volumes, *De leeuw van Vlaenderen* ("The Lion of Flanders"), which still holds its place as one of his masterpieces. Fame now rewarded the young novelist, but no substantial profit. Conscience himself states that his net receipts from *De leeuw van Vlaenderen* amounted to exactly six francs. He gave up his office, for he could not endure the restraint of it, and recollecting that in his youth he had tended his father's garden with success, he took a situation as under-gardener in a country house, and held it for thirteen months. But Wappers was impatient for his glory, and in 1841 carried him off to be Secretary to the Academy of Fine Arts at Antwerp. In 1843, after a long pause, he took up his pen again, and wrote the charming little romance, *Hoe men schilder wordt* ("How to become a Painter"), one of those which have been translated into most European languages.



It is not necessary to dwell on the further incidents of Conscience's career, for they do not differ in essential matters from those of every successful modern man of letters. He published a vast number of novels and novelettes, of which the earlier are decidedly the better, and he easily won a position as the leader of Belgian literature. In 1841 a Flemish Congress met at Ghent, and the writings of Conscience were mentioned as the seed which was most likely to yield a crop of national literature. Accordingly the patriotic party undertook to encourage their circulation, and each fresh contribution from his pen was welcomed as an honour to Belgium. To write in Flemish ceased to be considered a proof of vulgarity; on the contrary, the tongue of the common people became almost fashionable. The poet Ledeganek, who celebrated the three *Zustersteden* (Sister-Cities) of Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp in his popular ballads, was the first to follow in the steps of Conscience, who had adorned his novels from the first with Flemish staves and songs. Another national writer arose in Theodoor van Rijswijk, and Flemish literature began to live.

It was in 1845 that Conscience published his *Geschiedenis van België* ("History of Belgium"), an ambitious work, intended to foster the new patriotic and romantic sentiment, but not sound enough as history for any but a Belgian taste. He did better service to his country in those exquisite pictures of Flemish home-life which form the most valued section of his repertory, and of which *Siska van Roosemael*, 1844; *Rikke-tikke-tak*, 1851; and *De arme edelman* ("The Decayed Gentleman"), 1851, are perhaps the finest. These also had an instant effect upon contemporary writers, and encouraged the efforts in a similar vein made with so much success by Diericks, while as a novelist of the historical and national order Conscience was soon followed by such worthy imitators as Slegckx and Snieders. Flemish literature has continued to flourish, and receives at this moment more public attention than ever before. Nevertheless, not one of Conscience's successors has approached him in popularity, or has deserved to approach him. He continues to be the one Belgian author of European reputation.

It remains to give our readers some idea of the books which have enjoyed so wide and so continuous a popularity. At the outset we must confess that a comparison with George Sand or with Turgénieff is one which it is impossible for Conscience to sustain, though his most interesting stories certainly invite it. In the quality of style he is stronger than in any other, and there can be no doubt that he carries us over much that is trivial and much that is rhetorical by the exquisite simplicity and sweetness of his diction. For this reason his books have seldom preserved their reputation in a translation, although every nation of Europe has appeased its curiosity by the publication of versions of at least two or three of them. As an historical novelist, Conscience had nothing in common with the modern school of realism and archaeology. He served two masters, Alexandre Dumas père and Walter Scott. In such books as *De leeuw van Vlaenderen* we find the former influence predominant, in such as *Jakob van Artevelde* the latter. There is no doubt that the last-mentioned is a very well-written and pleasing book, and it gives a romantic and even thrilling picture of mediæval life in the cities of the Netherlands during the fourteenth century. It is no less certain that it belongs to an order of literature which is no longer produced, and which will very soon cease to be widely read—the class of historical novels which are not founded upon documentary evidence, and will not endure close archaeological examination. The conversations are spirited, the groups freshly coloured and skilfully composed, the tone lively and romantic, and yet the whole book seems to hold no closer relation to reality than is held by Sir John Gilbert's painted processions of mediæval knights and ladies.

Altogether more successful and more likely to live in popular esteem are those novels in which Conscience has undertaken to paint the life of his own day as he saw it around him. Yet even here a critic who compares his work with that of the most eminent masters of his craft detects weak points and unfortunate mannerisms. He indulges far too much in soliloquy; he is too apt to use his characters as a chorus by whose lips he informs his readers of events which it is necessary that they should know. This kind of rhetoric, and a key of sentiment that is occasionally pitched too high for modern taste, are the two principal drawbacks to our complete enjoyment of Conscience's stories. But these faults do not militate against his genius, nor destroy the mild charm with which he holds his reader captive. As an example of his peculiar method, *De arme edelman* is perhaps as good a type as any other. There is nothing in the conception of this story, or in the development of its plot, which displays great inventive talent; but the execution, the way in which these simple things are recounted, is of the highest artistic excellence. The picture by which the decayed gentleman is introduced, his dress, his servants, his faded coach, all these are put in with the hand of a masterly genre-painter, and in the spirit of a Metzu. The figures of the daughter, of her lover, and of his rich uncle, are conceived in the same delicately artistic spirit, and though the principal incident in the whole novel is a dinner-party at the poor gentleman's house, in which he contrives to hide the fact of his poverty, this incident is led up to and sustained with so much vivacity, humour, and pathos, that the reader is as much thrilled by it as by the relation of a murder or a duel. When the rich uncle finishes the third and last bottle of wine, and calls for more, our hearts beat with as much alarm and excitement as if it were ourselves who had to extricate our reputation for hospitality from so terrible a dilemma.

## JOHNSON'S RAMBLER.

THE writers of the eighteenth century are naturally much out of favour with a generation which knows them very little and very ill; it is an agreeable surprise, therefore, in these days to find a word said in their favour, especially if it be said with sense and discrimination as well as with sympathy. In the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* an anonymous writer shows all these qualities in a paper upon Johnson's *Rambler*, which he most truly calls a "neglected book." Johnson himself has been more leniently treated than most of his fellows, perhaps because he was so different from them in manner and appearance. It has often seemed to us that a part of the curious, the almost personal antipathy displayed towards the eighteenth century by so many worthy souls in the nineteenth, arises from the precision and uniformity of its social and sumptuary ideas—characteristics which must naturally be extremely distasteful to persons who set so high a store on eccentricity, and hold that to differ from one's fellows is necessarily to be superior to them. Johnson, as we all know, was the least of a precisian, in his appearance at any rate, that ever lived; nor had learning produced upon his manners that effect which the grammarian assures us to be its special prerogative. Of Johnson, therefore, there is some hope among these excellent creatures that he may be saved; but their tolerance of the man does not extend to the writer. They will confess to a gracious acquaintance with the "Why, no, Sir," and the "Sir, you are a fool," and the other conversational idiosyncrasies of the sage, but they would stare if asked their opinion of his *Vanity of Human Wishes* or his *Lives of the Poets*; and, even of those who think it no shame to read and to enjoy the writers of the great age "of prose and reason," few probably will in honesty confess to any close acquaintance with that "memorial of lonely wisdom and silent dignity" which Johnson has left us in his *Rambler*. Bennet Langton tells us that, happening one day to mention that he had read a good deal in Clenardus's *Greek Grammar*, he was met by Johnson with, "Why, Sir, who is there in this town who knows anything of Clenardus but you and I?" The writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* quotes this saying as furnishing an apt parallel to the fate of Johnson's own favourite work; and there can be no doubt that he is right.

The author of the paper in question, in pleading against the decision of posterity, confines himself to the essays "professedly serious," to use Johnson's own words—to that part of the work on which he owned himself, in the last paper, to look back with the greatest pleasure, as his chief claim to be numbered among those writers "who have given ardour to virtue and confidence to truth." But this pleasant pleader concludes with a wish that space had permitted him "to give instances of what Macaulay so well describes as 'the solemn yet pleasing humour' of some of the lighter papers." The instances would not be very numerous. Johnson knew this well enough himself. "As it has been my principal design," he says, "to inculcate wisdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of imagination. Some, perhaps, may be found, of which the highest excellence is harmless merriment; but scarcely any man is so steadily serious as not to complain that the severity of dictatorial instruction has been too seldom relieved, and that he is driven by the sternness of the *Rambler's* philosophy to more cheerful and airy companions." His merriment is always harmless; but it is not, in his writings at any rate, always very catching. In his 179th paper he quotes a saying of Cicero's that every man has two characters, one common to him and all mankind, the other that which discriminates him from the rest of his own species, and impresses on him a manner and temper peculiar to himself, which particular character, if it be not repugnant to the laws of general humanity, it is always his business to cultivate and preserve. And he adds to this that, "Scarce any man becomes eminently disagreeable but by a departure from his real character, and an attempt at something for which nature or education have left him unqualified." It is clear that neither nature nor education had qualified Johnson to shine as a humorous writer. Witnesses to the lighter side of his character can indeed be called. Miss Burney, for example, who was a great favourite with him, declared that he had "more fun and comical humour and love of nonsense about him than almost anybody I ever saw." His comicality, one may suspect, was not always voluntary. The spectacle of Johnson running races on a grass plot with a young girl, and kicking off his slippers to run the faster, must have been comical indeed, but scarcely in the way that he designed. It is true that he had, as Macaulay says, looked on men and manners with an observant and discriminating eye—the men, that is to say, of a particular place and a particular age. How keen was his sense of the ridiculous in others, both his writings and his conversation amply show; and the latter, at any rate, furnishes no less abundant proof of a humour which does not always need the epithet of solemn. But when he took his pen in hand he became another man. In the stately march of his sentences, their formal phraseology and balanced periods, no unbecoming garb for the principles of morality and wisdom, the humour of the original idea lies often as completely buried as was Guse Gibbie in the buff coat and jack-boots of Cuddie Headrigg. Indeed, as though in sheer defiance of the difficulties under which he was conscious of struggling, he is rarely so solemn and so sesquipedalian as in some of those papers "whose highest excellence is harmless merriment." It is only fair, however, to remember that incomparably the dullest

paper in the whole series was not his, but Richardson's; that paper of "Advice to Unmarried Ladies" (97) which one of his many female flatterers assured the author of *Pamela* was believed by the town to be the work of "one concerned in the *Spectator*," it being so much better written than any of the *Ramblers*." When Johnson was in the height of his fame, the question of precedence between him and Addison was a favourite subject of dispute, a question which one could hardly believe had ever arisen among rational beings, had not our own day seen many similar questions no whit less extravagant as solemnly debated. To put Sir Roger and Will Wimble and Will Honeycombe and the Retired Citizen—who, as compared with Squire Bluster and the Busy and the Club of Antiquaries, are as our own contemporaries to a case of Egyptian mummies—to put such immortals aside, one need but compare the story of Hilpah and Shalum with the story of Aningait and Ajut, the Journal of Clarinda with the Busy Life of a Young Lady, or the Transmigration of Pug the Monkey with the Revolutions of a Garrett, to see at once the immeasurable difference between the method of Addison and the method of Johnson. No one, indeed, can read the latter's biography of Addison without seeing that he must himself have been as conscious of this difference as we are to-day. But those who are doubtful may learn it from a note prefixed to the 33rd paper of the *Idler*—a paper contributed by Thomas Warton on "the Journal of a Fellow of a College"—in which the editor hopes that he may be "allowed to remark that the Journal of the Citizen in the *Spectator* has almost precluded the attempt of any future writer." Perhaps Johnson is nowhere less at his ease than when ridiculing the follies and fancies of women of fashion, particularly when he does so out of their own lips—subjects which Addison on the contrary touched with a hand of, even for him, peculiar lightness. Macaulay quotes one or two such passages, and very pertinently asks whether Sir John Falstaff wore his petticoats with a worse grace. Yet curiously enough it is in one of these very papers that Johnson not only gives us one of his happiest strokes of humour, but also an example—in such it is, we think, the only example—of a style at one with its subject. It is a paper we have already mentioned, the 191st, containing, in a letter from "Bellaria," the busy life of a fashionable young lady. The fair correspondent, after enumerating the miseries of being confined to her room with a cold while her young companions and rivals are in the full tide of their pleasures, goes on—

My aunt has just brought me a bundle of your papers for my amusement. She says you are a philosopher and will teach me to moderate my desires, and look upon the world with indifference. But, dear sir, I do not wish nor intend to moderate my desires, nor can I think it proper to look upon the world with indifference till the world looks with indifference on me. I have been forced, however, to sit this morning a whole quarter of an hour with your paper before my face; but just as my aunt came in, Phylida had brought me a letter from Mr. Trip, which I put within the leaves; and read about *absence*, and *inconsofableness*, and *ardour*, and *irresistible passion*, and eternal constancy, while my aunt imagined that I was puzzling myself with your philosophy, and often cried out, when she saw me look confused, "If there is any word which you do not understand, child, I will explain it."

To find the humour of the *Rambler* at its best we must go not to its "harmless merriment"; nor to its dallies with the "idle sports of the imagination"; nor to those papers in which he satirized, with no malicious, though with a heavy, hand, the foibles of a society which he only came to know late in life, and then but intermittently. We must go rather to those in which he treats of a class of men that he knew to the very core, and of things with which his own life was inseparably connected. As in his *Lives of the Poets* Johnson is seriously at his best, because he is then handling the subject which he loved best and knew best; so in those papers in the *Rambler* in which he treats of authors and of their natural enemies, the critics, we have him at his best in his lighter moods, and for the same reason. If any one will read through the papers numbered 3, 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 60, 93, 106, 137, 145, 146, 154, 157, 169, 176, 179, 193, and 207, he will see that Johnson was capable of using his pen as smartly on such subjects as his tongue. It is true that his humour even then is a very different thing from humour as it seems mostly to be understood to-day. It is true that even in his treatment of such familiar and personal topics he could with a clear conscience say, as he said in his noble farewell to his readers, that he "had never complied with temporary curiosity," and that in his papers "no man could look for censure of his enemies or praises of himself." It is true that the prime virtue of those papers lies rather in their admirable good sense than in their humour. Nevertheless humour there is, for those who do not believe it to lie only in extravagant drollery, in verbal conceits, or in sheer buffoonery. For the matter, Addison himself could hardly have bettered the "Account of an Author Travelling in Quest of his own Fame" (146), or the author's "Art of Praising Himself" (193), though it is true the manner would have been something different. It will be noted, too, that Johnson makes no universal war, as Pope did, upon Grub Street. He never laughs at the ignorant or the dull merely for their ignorance or dullness. It is against vanity and presumption and affectation and insincerity that his pen is pointed: "Ignorance or dullness," he says, "have indeed no power of affording delight, but they never give disgust except when they assume the dignity of knowledge, or ape the sprightliness of wit."

The writer of the paper which has furnished us with so welcome an excuse for a word in favour of this "neglected book" hopes that he may be the means of sending some readers to its pages.

That wish we cordially re-echo. We may hardly, indeed, expect that an age which appears to find its idea of "harmless merriment" in the French Palais Royal and the English Gaiety will turn very eagerly for its amusement to a book written more than a century ago. But, to paraphrase Johnson's own words, few men, it may be supposed, are so steadily frivolous that they have not some moments in which they prefer to be quietly instructed rather than violently amused. At such times they might do worse than turn to the *Rambler*. They will find in it a fund of good sense and homely wisdom, not always expressed in words borrowed from the Latin and six feet long, which they will hardly find in their favourite authors of the day, which it will take them but little time and do them no harm to read. Two passages we will venture to quote, as showing perhaps as well as any how little the world changes, and how rashly they may speak who call the wisdom of the *Rambler* out of date and superfluous in our day. One is from a paper on the Inefficacy of Genius without Learning (154), and runs as follows:—

The mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study, contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely wholly upon unassisted genius and natural sagacity. The wits of these happy days have discovered a way to fame, which the dull caution of our laborious ancestors durst never attempt; they cut the knots of sophistry which it was formerly the business of years to untie, solve difficulties by sudden irradiations of intelligence, and comprehend long processes of argument by immediate intuition.

The other is from a paper on the Dignity and Usefulness of Biography (60), and is to this effect:—

If the biographer writes from personal knowledge, and makes haste to gratify the public curiosity, there is danger lest his interest, his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderness, overpower his fidelity, and tempt him to conceal, if not to invent. There are many who think it an act of piety to hide the faults or failings of their friends, even when they can no longer suffer by their detection; we therefore see whole ranks of characters adorned with uniform panegyric, and not to be known from one another, but by extrinsic and casual circumstances. . . . If we owe regard to the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue, and to truth.

#### GROUND'S OF MODERN TOLERATION.

WE are apt to pride ourselves on being, in one respect at least, much better than our fathers; we have learnt to tolerate dissent from our own opinions. And it is common enough to add that this proves our advance in Christian sentiment; that persecution was only worthy of the dark ages, when "graceless zealots" fought for "forums of faith," whereas we know how to appreciate rectitude of heart amidst diversities of belief. On the other hand it is usual with sceptical writers to argue that the progress of toleration is measured by the progress of unbelief, or at least of religious indifference; it marks "the secularization of politics." Mr. Lecky has devoted two long chapters of his *History of Rationalism* to the subject. He considers that all consistent upholders of any dogmatic creed will persecute when they are able, and are justified in doing so. "The Catholic doctrines of the guilt of error, and of the infallibility of the Church [or, let us add, the Protestant doctrine of the infallibility of the Bible, as interpreted by themselves], were amply sufficient to justify it; sufficient perhaps to explain, but hardly to justify it. Men who insist on the Christian duty of toleration may safely plead that neither in the New Testament nor in the teaching or practice of the ancient Church is any countenance given to religious persecution; it was first indeed introduced into Christendom by the Priscillianist heretics in Spain, the very country where it attained the largest proportions afterwards. Nor can Mr. Lecky's assertion that persecution, when sufficiently thorough, always succeeds be allowed to pass unchallenged, if by succeeding at least be meant anything beyond temporary and local success in putting down the persecuted sect; and the proposition thus limited is little better than a truism. It would not be difficult to show that, when we look below the surface, persecution has usually in the long run done more to damage the protected than the persecuted creed. Thus, e.g., Elizabeth's persecution of Catholics in England is one of Mr. Lecky's instances, but the Church of Rome has suffered far heavier loss in this country from her sister's persecution of the Protestants, though there was a good deal in the political conditions of the case to excuse it. On this subject however we have spoken more than once before, and it is no part of our present design to pursue the argument. We are not concerned here to inquire whether persecution of error is justifiable on religious grounds, or how far it is likely to answer its purpose. We may be content to assume—what we hold to be the truth—that it is not justifiable, and that it is likely to fail. But it does not follow that our nineteenth century has as good a right as is popularly supposed to boast of its firmer grasp of the Christian principle of toleration, or that there is no force in the sceptical taunt that we have become tolerant because we have ceased to believe. It is true that we have become more tolerant than our forefathers, but it is not true that our toleration is by any means complete. It is true again that, on the highest Christian principles and the fullest appreciation of the best interests of their faith, orthodox believers ought to refrain from persecution; it is not true that the only, if even the chief, reason why we do in fact persecute less openly and less fiercely than was common in former ages is that we have attained to a clearer understanding of our Christian obligations. A very



slight regard to obvious facts must convince any impartial inquirer that there has been exaggeration on both sides. Religious bigotry was never, or hardly ever, the sole motive of persecution in any age; religious indifference rather than Christian charity is certainly one motive of our modern toleration, which therefore becomes uncertain directly men have ceased to be indifferent.

Mr. Freeman complains that English tourists in Switzerland are too absorbed in Alpine adventure to spare any attention for the politics of the one country which exhibits "freedom in its purest and most ancient form." It is rather strange, when we remember his words, to read a paragraph in the latest Intelligence columns of last Wednesday's *Times*, which informs us that within twenty-four hours Miss Booth, daughter of the Salvationist General, has been twice arrested, on religious grounds, in that freest of all free countries. On Sunday last she held a meeting in a wood five miles from Neuchâtel, and at its close found herself surrounded by sixteen gendarmes and two members of the Government, who arrested her for contravening the order prohibiting Salvationist meetings in the canton, and took her to Neuchâtel, where she was examined and eventually discharged on her parole to appear when called upon to answer the charge. The next day she went to Geneva to attend the funeral of one of her converts, and was at once again arrested by the Mayor of the Commune and a policeman, and after being examined in the town-hall was conveyed over the frontier. One need have no particular sympathy, whether on religious or other grounds, with Salvationist teaching, and still less with their accustomed methods of inculcating it—and certainly we have none—to perceive that it is rather rough practice not to tolerate their meetings even "in a wood." That it does not spring from an orthodox objection to any heresies which may be associated with General Booth's movement, so much as from a sceptical dislike of religious enthusiasm altogether, hardly affects the question, for there may be an irreligious as well as a religious intolerance. Atheism can be both dogmatic and persecuting, when it has a mind, as experience too abundantly proves. It may perhaps be urged that the Swiss officials did not attempt to burn Miss Booth, but only conducted her to the frontier, and to her no doubt the difference is a very important one; but here too there is something to be said by way of reply. Burning has gone out of fashion, and even within living memory there has been a great change in all European countries, our own included, in the severity of punishment inflicted on criminals of all kinds, and in the tone of public opinion on the subject; in Switzerland, we believe, capital punishment has been abolished. It is not so very long since sheep-stealing and some still lighter forms of theft were capital offences in England; nay it is not so very long—to cite a directly religious example—since it was a penal offence to celebrate mass. On the other hand Salvationist preachments, however distasteful to Swiss believers or unbelievers, cannot be a very serious annoyance to them; were it otherwise, we are by no means sure that they would be content with transporting the delinquents beyond the frontier. Let us take another example, which perhaps approaches the most nearly in our own day to the sort of feeling provoked by, say, the Albigenses in mediæval Europe. Of course the Albigenses were condemned as heretics, but the intense antipathy felt against them, which took shape in the Inquisition of Toulouse and the crusade of Simon of Montfort, was probably due to the social and moral enormities laid to their charge, not without some reason, if we may trust recent investigations. They were looked upon in short as social pariahs. Now very much the same feeling has been roused in our own day in North America by the Mormonites, who are also heterodox enough, if judged by any received standard of Christian orthodoxy, but are hated, not for their heterodoxy, but for their outrages on universally acknowledged principles of Christian morality. And if there is no Inquisition in the United States, ominous threats of something very like a war of extermination—a sort of Albigensian crusade—against them have been heard over and over again, and may some day take effect. We are not discussing now how far the charges brought against them are deserved—they are certainly not wholly undeserved—or whether any drastic measures of repression would be legitimate. Our aim is merely to show that the temper of modern and mediæval society in its attitude towards those outside its pale—call them heretics or what you will—does not differ so very widely as is often assumed.

Another point is suggested by this reference to the American hatred of the Mormonites. An ingenious apologist of the Spanish Inquisition in the current number of the *Month*, the Jesuit organ, urges one argument to which some weight must fairly be allowed. He appears indeed, if we rightly understand him, disposed to defend the principle of persecution in the abstract—though he holds that at present "neither Europe nor any country in Europe is worthy of" such a tribunal—and he lays great stress on the largely exaggerated figures in Llorente's *History of the Inquisition*. Llorente, we believe, does exaggerate the number of the victims of the Spanish Inquisition, though we need some better evidence than is provided in the *Month* to convince us that the comparatively low figure (of 140 executions a year) substituted by his critic is at all nearer the mark; but into that controversy there is no occasion to enter here. The real gist of the writer's argument is based on the strength of national sentiment in Spain against heretics, and especially "Maranos" and "Moriscos" (or Jewish and Moorish converts), who were suspected of secretly adhering to their old faith. So strong, he argues, was this popular feeling that they would have been, and in some cases had been,

lynched, and the special office and justification of the tribunal of the Inquisition—or "Court of Inquiry," as he prefers to term it—was to sift the charges brought against them and separate the innocent from the guilty; it was "the corrective of Lynch Law." And he goes on to remark that, if there had been an Inquisition in France, we should have been spared the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Without pausing to dispute about details, some of which are extremely disputable, we may admit at once that there is a certain plausibility in the argument, not as applied to the Spanish Inquisition exclusively, but to the whole history of religious persecution. There were historical reasons, from the early conflicts of the Spanish Church with Arianism, and afterwards with the Moors and Jews, which tended to identify Catholic orthodoxy with patriotic sentiment in Spain, just as Protestantism became identified with patriotism in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and in a lesser degree the same holds good of France, where the anti-patriotic line taken by the Huguenots had a decisive influence in securing the ultimate triumph of Catholicism over Calvinism, though at one time the rival parties were pretty equally matched in numbers. And it may be said generally that laws against heresy represented, and to some extent restrained, popular zeal, and accordingly that the relaxation of these laws indicates a cooling down of that zeal. The Church and King mob which wrecked Dr. Priestley's chapel would be an anachronism in modern Birmingham. So far it is true that toleration, while to higher minds it commends itself on grounds of Christian justice and expediency entirely compatible with the devoutest orthodox belief, does in popular sentiment and in the legislation which expresses it, mark the growth of religious indifference. We may gather from a curious item of American statistics put on record the other day that, wherever the penal law falls short of popular feeling, it is apt to be rudely supplemented. It is stated that in the United States during the present year sixty-five persons have been legally tried and hanged, and seventy-one put to death by "lynch law." We suspect that the legal prohibitions enforced against the Salvationists in Switzerland grew out of a popular antipathy, which we are not defending, but which might perhaps have found some coarser method of expression if left to itself. And if the United States Government should ever decide to take action against the "peculiar institutions" of Utah, we may be pretty sure that they will be only forestalling an outbreak of popular violence. People do not find it much easier in the nineteenth century than in the thirteenth to be tolerant of what really kindles their aversion. In the thirteenth century heresy, or certain forms of it, did very strongly rouse their aversion. In the nineteenth century heresy, as such, has come to be condoned—on better grounds no doubt by the few, but by the many because they are no longer themselves fervently orthodox. There are still however particular kinds of religious enthusiasm or eccentricity which provoke keen irritation in the breasts of ordinary believers, or oftener of determined unbelievers, and when such passions are once brought into play our loud professions of universal toleration are apt to prove skin-deep. To us the Albigenses are a name, the Salvationists and Mormonites are a reality. We might learn to be less peremptory in our censures of mediæval intolerance if we took the trouble to form a juster estimate of our own.

#### FOLKESTONE AND SANDGATE.

KENT a few centuries ago held a first place among English counties for the number and importance of its towns and trades. The great coal-fields of the North have led to its being supplanted in these respects by other districts; but Kent may still claim the distinction of having more popular watering-places than any other county. Jutting out as it does into the ocean which surrounds it pretty well on three sides, hardly any part of it is entirely out of the reach of sea air; while the chalk cliffs on which some of the favourite resorts are perched raise them above the moisture of the sea that some people find so unpleasant. The Londoners have long ago found out that Margate is the healthiest spot in the kingdom, and have taken possession of it. It has become quite a cockney paradise. The shouting of nigger minstrels, the grinding of organs, the uproarious hilarity of the cheap trip that pervades the atmosphere, make it a very trying sojourn to those who take no delight in vulgar junketing. The cliffs, the reach of level sands, and the privilege of breathing air that blows fresh from the North Pole are charms certainly, but not charms of sufficient power to make up for the crowding, the noise, and the bustle with which they are accompanied. Thus it comes that Margate and Ramsgate are almost wholly given up to the class who look on their month or fortnight's holiday at the seaside as a sort of equivalent to the London season of society, and try to crowd as much jollity and racketing into it as possible. Society shuns them, and people who have been driven to Margate by inexorable doctors mention the fact in a sort of apologetic tone as though it were something to be ashamed of.

Folkestone may be looked on as the Margate of gentility. It stands high, has bracing air, fine sea views from the top of the cliffs, and a pleasant country lying round it which offers a fair field for innumerable excursions. The season here, as at all seaside places, is short, but while it lasts lodging-house and hotel keepers do their best to make up for the months when their houses stand empty. Every one grumbles at the great prices that are demanded, though in the end they give in and pay them. As London empties,

Folkestone fills. People with families too large or too young for foreign travel are glad to settle here for the six weeks in which they feel that, whether they like it or not, they must be out of London. "Not at all a dull place," is the verdict pronounced upon it, even by those who look upon dulness and sea-bathing as inseparable. And dull it certainly is not, though its cheerfulness is of a more restrained type than that of Margate. The camp being so near, there are military bands to be had for every festivity, and one of them is usually playing somewhere every afternoon. Thus the organ-grinders and nigger minstrels know they have not a chance, and go where a richer harvest can be gathered. Then, too, Folkestone is quite out of the beat of the cheap trips, and is not liable to be invaded by the bands of excursionists that come down by swarms on Brighton and many other places. And the picturesque streets of the old town; and the harbour, with its fleet of luggers, whose return from the fishing-grounds is the great event in the life of the fisher-folk, offer a complete change of scene when one is weary of the crowded promenade upon the Lees.

Folkestone has never made much figure in history. It has been kept in the shade by the near neighbourhood of Dover, from which all the great people of a past day set sail, or at which they arrived. There is a legend that Queen Elizabeth once paid the town a visit; but, when critically examined, the foundation for it seems to be that she rode over Folkestone Down on her way from Dover to Canterbury. But, if Folkestone has had little royal patronage in later times to plume itself upon, it can lay claim with justice to a king's daughter as its foundress. The grand old church on the cliff, so prominent a feature in the picturesque view of the town from the entrance to the harbour, is dedicated to St. Eanswith as well as to St. Mary. And on the official seal of the mayor the figure of the saint is seen, with a fish on either hand. Thus the memory is preserved of the pious Eanswith, the daughter of one of the early Kentish kings, who founded here a nunnery and performed several miracles. The most remarkable of these was that she made a stream run uphill, so the story goes, to supply her with water. Eanswith's work was reduced to ruin by the Northmen; but a priory of Benedictines was built on its site in the end of the eleventh century, and given to the Abbey of Lolley in Normandy by Nigel de Nuneville, who was then Lord of Folkestone. Before half a century had passed, the cliff giving way made this building unsafe, and a new priory was built further inland. The site of Eanswith's oratory has long since crumbled away into the sea, which a few years ago washed up to the foot of the cliff, and seemed to threaten the present church with a like fate.

One of the never-failing excitements of Folkestone is the coming in of the tidal boat, an amusement which never seems to pall. When the boat is due the loungers on the cliff hurry down to the pier, and, by their very eagerness to see the new arrivals land, almost prevent their doing so. Each new arrival, as he comes along the narrow passage that only strong ropes and official vigilance keep clear, tastes for a few brief moments the sweets of distinction. If he were a royal personage, a great statesman, or even a criminal of the blackest sort, he could not be scanned more curiously nor be more surely the cynosure of scores of pairs of eager eyes. The owners of the said eyes are bent on getting fun out of others' misery, and heartlessly quiz the woe-begone aspect of each sallow face and speculate as to how ill the owner of it has been. For the English, to most of whom crossing the Channel is a pleasant excursion, cannot understand the real terrors that it has to many dwellers on the Continent. Even in an ordinary passage one is sure to hear some poor wretch, who has been foolhardy enough to tempt the sea, declaring piteously that she is dying, and publicly making her last will and testament. Perhaps the abject misery of others who, even when the sea is like glass, are doomed to suffer and be still is even more touching. Yet these are the adventurous spirits of their nation. By far the greater number are content to see as much of England as can be done by looking at its cliffs from the opposite shore, and talk all the year of an intended visit to London, which somehow, when the time comes, something always happens to prevent. One French lady we have met had so far carried out her intention as to get to Boulogne, where she went on staying year after year waiting for a favourable day to cross. Another could not make up her mind to make the ten minutes' trip from Cannes to the Ile Ste. Marguerite on account of the "voyage de mer." It seems strange that travellers to whom the journey is such a bugbear should encumber themselves with so many unnecessary impediments; yet, as they pass on shore, every other one seems to have a cage of canaries or a cat in a basket. A bird of some sort is almost as indispensable a part of a Frenchwoman's travelling gear as the ample gauze veil and flowing mantle. However commonplace in appearance the new arrivals may be, the study of them gives unalloyed pleasure to the onlookers, who wend their way homewards audibly expressing satisfaction in having passed an "amusing morning." Occasionally a schoolboy, who has been dragged to see this somewhat *triste* spectacle, may be heard denouncing it as the "greatest rot in the way of amusement" he has ever wasted holiday time on. If a sea fog comes on unexpectedly, as it often does, it greatly heightens the interest of this boat-waiting. A steam-engine is kept plying up and down the pier whistling loud and shrill the while; guns are let off at intervals, and bells are rung as loud and long as though the old-fashioned superstition still prevailed that their clanging exercised some potent influence upon the weather. Every several member of the crowd is as excited as though his or her nearest and dearest were on board. The

clamour fails signally in its aim, for, after a long spell of waiting, the cry "She's on the beach" provokes a general stampede in that direction, and a dim something like the ghost of a vessel is seen bearing down upon the bathing machines. There is a moment of breathless suspense, but the warning cries from shore have done their work, and the ghostly outline fades from sight again, and is loudly cheered when she reappears rounding the pier, and makes her way into the harbour.

Sandgate has even less of a history than its neighbour; indeed, till a short time since, it was only a castle and an inn. On the seashore at the foot of the slope that leads up to the cliffs of Folkestone stood the Castle at the western limits of the borough. When it was built is uncertain. All that is certainly known about it is that it was standing and held for the king in Richard II.'s reign, and that it was rebuilt by Henry VIII. and placed under the control of the Warden of the Cinque Ports, who appointed all the officials who kept it, from the captain down to the gunners. Tradition says that Queen Elizabeth slept here, but the authority for this seems questionable. Hard by the castle on the strand there still stands a quaint old-fashioned inn dating from the early part of the last century, with the irregular gables, high-pitched roofs, and tall chimneys that make old Kentish houses so picturesque. The sign—the "Fleur de Lis"—must have been chosen as a compliment to customers from the other side of the Channel. The very look of it is suggestive of smuggling frays and contraband trading; and, if the old walls could speak, no doubt they could tell many a stirring tale of the encounters with the press-gang and the excise-men that have taken place beneath its roof. No doubt it was a favourite landing-place for boats from the other side, and the castle was originally placed here to guard it. While peaceful intercourse with France makes the prosperity of Folkestone, war with the same country has been the making of Sandgate. The present town has only come into existence with the making of the camp upon the Shorncliffe which rises close behind it. The first beginning of that camp was the quartering of some troops there, under the command of Sir John Moore, in 1796. But after the peace the soldiers disappeared, and it was not till the outbreak of the Crimean War that the project of making this a permanent military station was carried out. What the tidal-boat is to Folkestone, the camp is to Sandgate—a constant, every-varying field of observation. Ten minutes' climb up the hill brings one to the top of the down where this temporary town is laid out with so much regularity that going through it is much like walking about in the plan of a town transferred from paper to solid ground. The so-called "huts" are comfortable wooden cottages, that would be described as good dwelling-houses in Canada or the Western States. The several ranges into which they are divided are distinguished by the letters of the alphabet. Up here on the down there is always something doing in this modern city. If it be Sunday, there is quite a choice of religious services, for all denominations have their representatives among the red-coats. On a week-day there is drilling or exercise in the gymnasium, and now and again a review to distract the idle mind which always finds a special pleasure in looking on at soldiering. But, soldiering apart, Sandgate has many natural attractions of its own, both in winter and in summer. A fine open sea, an unusual freedom from fogs, and the screen of cliffs behind which shut out the north wind, make it altogether one of the pleasantest winter stations for sick folk along our southern shore.

#### LIEUTENANT WAGHORN.

EXCEPT a mural tablet set up in a Kentish church by his widow, no public memorial exists in this country to keep alive the memory of Waghorn. Yet there are few of us who have not been indebted to him, directly or indirectly. M. de Lesseps openly acknowledges that he received his first ideas as to piercing the Isthmus of Suez from Waghorn, and, with a generosity too rare among Frenchmen, has placed his bust on "Waghorn Quay" at the entrance of the canal, where it is commonly pointed out to passing travellers as a likeness of M. de Lesseps himself. For it was Waghorn who first directed attention to the Overland Route; and when, worn out with toil in the service of his country, he came home to die, his project was in full working order, and the task on which he had spent life and fortune was practically accomplished. The gratitude of his native land was exhausted when a small pension was conferred on him in 1849, and he just lived long enough to draw the first instalment. Chatham retains no memory of him, though, if he had been born in a French town, his statue would have long since been erected in the market-place, and a street in Paris have been called after his name. When we read that the triumph of his life was the passing of the mails from London to Bombay in forty-six days, we may figure to ourselves what that passage must have been before. Thackeray draws an amusing picture of Waghorn in his volume of travels *From Cornhill to Grand Cairo*; and, depicting the scene at a Cairene hotel on the arrival of the mail from England, speaks of Lieutenant Waghorn as bounding in and out of the courtyard full of business. "He only left Bombay yesterday morning, was seen in the Red Sea on Tuesday, is engaged to dinner this afternoon in the Regent's Park, and (as it is about two minutes since I saw him in the courtyard) I make no doubt he is by this time at Alexandria or at Malta—



say, perhaps at both. *Il en est capable*. If any man can be in two places at once (which I don't believe or deny) Waghorn is he." Thackeray further compares his achievements with those of Napoleon in Egypt, greatly, of course, to the disadvantage of Napoleon; "what are his wonders compared to Waghorn?" he asks. "Nap. massacred the Mamelukes at the Pyramids; Wag. has conquered the Pyramids themselves; dragged the unwieldy structures a month nearer England than they were, and brought the country along with them"; and he ends in his own delightful way with the anticlimax:—"Be ours the trophies of peace! O my country! O Waghorn!"

This was in 1846. Poor Waghorn had but little longer to live. In four years he was dead and forgotten. All the machinery he set in motion is going still. His disinterested services to his country never earned him a greater monument than this brief mention by Thackeray; and, now that thirty-three years have elapsed since his death, it is almost too late to expect anything more. Some of those with whom he worked are still living, however, and it is pleasant to see the enthusiasm he excited among them still warm in the pages of a book published only this year. The veteran archaeologist, Mr. Roach Smith, in his *Reminiscences* (London: Bell)—which do not, as a rule, relate to men of much mark—has a good deal about Waghorn, who, if we were to judge only by his power of impressing his contemporaries, was certainly made of hero's stuff. One characteristic may be specially noted. "In everything he was scrupulously methodical, but not fustily so." Another occurs a few lines further on. "He drove rapidly; quite as fast as the horse, which was a swift one, could canter or gallop." Another should also be quoted. "Cheerful he always was, his conversation ever taking a somewhat serious tone; but never touching upon his own eventful life." Yet his story, even when told in the driest way, is full of romantic adventure. Mr. Smith has printed in full the memorial he addressed to the Government in 1848, which led to his receiving the pension already mentioned. He was born in 1800, and at twelve years of age became a midshipman in the Royal Navy. Before he had quite reached the age of seventeen he passed in navigation for lieutenant, being the youngest midshipman who ever did so. In 1817, nevertheless, he left the navy, and went as third officer of a vessel sailing to Calcutta. Two years later he obtained an appointment in the Bengal Marine Service, where he was employed in pilot duty until 1824; but on the breaking out of the Arracan War in that year he was appointed to the command of one of "John Company's" cutters, with a division of gunboats, and sent by Sir Archibald Campbell, with a small expedition under the command of Brigadier-General McCreagh, to the island of Cheduba. The operations were perfectly successful, and the island, deserted by its governor, was occupied after slight resistance. There was, however, a good deal more fighting before the Burmese were conquered, and Waghorn was in the thick of it all, being five times engaged and once wounded. He returned to Calcutta in 1827 enfeebled by fever, from which, as he asserts, hardly any of the nineteen thousand men who composed the expedition escaped. He had already conceived the project in the furtherance of which he spent the remainder of his life. His first draft of the Overland Route was made, and sent to the Marine Board of Calcutta. They brought it to the notice of the Government, who sent him home to confer with the Directors of the East India Company, recommending him as "a fit and proper person to open steam navigation with India *via* the Cape of Good Hope."

But he was destined to be disappointed for a time both in this design and also in the much more important one of making a new route to India through Egypt. The Directors and the Post Office authorities equally distrusted steam. It seems strange to think how half a century has modified our notions. In those days the proverbial fickleness of the wind was thought more trustworthy than steamboat machinery. In October, 1829, Waghorn got his first chance of success, and it need not be said how gladly he seized upon it. He was asked if he would take some despatches out to Sir John Malcolm, at that time Governor of Bombay, and was further commissioned to make a report on the practicability of the Red Sea navigation. A steamer called the *Enterprise* was ordered to meet him at Suez. He started from London and reached Trieste in nine days and a half, having to cross five kingdoms, in order to take the shortest route. Letters from London to Trieste at that time took a fortnight. He then set sail for Alexandria, which he reached on the twenty-sixth day, and immediately started for Suez to meet the *Enterprise*. But no *Enterprise* was there. The very thing the Post Office authorities feared had occurred. She had broken down in the Indian Ocean. But Waghorn was not to be beaten. He took the only boat available, a mere open "cangia," and with a crew of six Arabs set sail for Jeddah, with only the sun and the stars to guide him. In six days and a half he had traversed 670 miles. But the exertion was too much for his enfeebled frame. He had borne up against the discontent and mutiny of his Arab crew, and against the anxiety and fatigue of the voyage; but when he found that the *Enterprise* was not coming, he became ill, and was six weeks laid up at Jeddah. At length he got to Bombay in a sailing-ship, and presented his despatches. Notwithstanding the delays, he arrived about three months sooner than if he had gone by the usual Cape route; and he received the thanks of the Governor in Council, especial mention being made of his intrepidity in having, when disappointed of a steamer, proceeded with the despatches in an open boat down the Red Sea.

This was not the man to let a favourite scheme drop for want of encouragement. He persecuted the Pasha of Egypt; he worried the East India Directors; he bombarded the Home Government with petitions; he left no stone unturned until he had established a regular mail service up and down the Red Sea, and had arranged a transit across the desert between Suez and Cairo, and thence down the Nile and the canal to Alexandria. On one occasion news arrived at Cairo that Lord Keane had successfully stormed Ghuznee. It was in October 1839. The regular steamer of the new line had just left. Waghorn rushed to the Pasha and induced him to grant the loan of his yacht, the *Generoso*. The native sailors knew nothing of the route, but Waghorn took charge himself and conveyed the despatches to Malta, whence the English admiral forwarded them at once to London. Such energy as this was irresistible. But Waghorn was not satisfied. He remembered his journey to Trieste in nine days through five kingdoms. He set himself to find out the best mail route by the Continent, and pitched upon Ancona as a suitable port. But Ancona was in the Papal States; so the Pope's consent had to be, and was in due time, extorted. By Trieste he had saved thirteen days as compared with the Marseilles route, and he now saved three more; and his great scheme was completed so far as he was ever destined to complete it. In 1842 his naval rank was restored to him, and he became Lieutenant Waghorn, by which title he is chiefly known, for he went immediately on the retired list, and rose no higher in the service. In the winter which commenced in 1846 he met with a serious rebuff; and it cannot be doubted that Waghorn must be added to the long list of great men who have been put to death by the insolence of officialism. During the reign of a recent Liberal Ministry this form of persecution went by a special name, and Waghorn perhaps suffered more from Ayrtonism than from any other complaint. He was told to do the work efficiently, and "to send in his bill afterwards." He spent the modest sum of 2,000*l.*, and "his bill was dishonoured" by the Treasury officials. He did not recover from the blow. "The last time I saw him," says Mr. Smith, "was in the latter half of 1849; but the particular month I cannot at present recall." He spoke of his will and other arrangements, and "said he was about to leave England, and was under a presentiment that he might not return." He went to Malta, but did return, reaching England on Christmas Day, and taking lodgings with his wife in Golden Square, Pentonville. Here, on the 7th of January, 1850, he died, exhausted. His body lies buried in the church of Snodland, or Southland, near Rochester, the same church in which formerly existed the touching epitaph on an old worthy called Palmer, which was in part so applicable to Waghorn:—

I, a Palmer, dwelled here,  
And travelled long, till, worn with age,  
I quitted this world's pilgrimage.

#### JOURNALS FOR COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

IN the various States of the Continent there is no lack of newspapers that are written for all shades of political opinion. In the great American Republic the news of the day is as much a necessary of existence as "corn-doings" or cocktails; and each "one-horse" township in the new territories of the West runs its Democratic or Republican organ, with considerable consumption of paste and moderate expenditure of brain-power. We may be sure that both in Europe and America every corner of the journalistic field is closely scrutinized with an eye to profitable cultivation. Yet, so far as we know, the journal for the country gentleman is as yet a distinct speciality of the United Kingdom. Even here, in its catholic development it is comparatively of very recent growth. Men little more than middle-aged can remember that in their youth *Bell's Life in London* enjoyed a practical monopoly; and the editors of *Bell* were of a more old-fashioned school, and catered for a more restricted order of tastes. *Bell* in those days was nothing if not sporting; it devoted itself to our recreations almost to the exclusion of agricultural pursuits; and it was far too much impressed with the gravity of its mission to trouble itself with such frivolities as columns of social gossip. Moreover, it was rather metropolitan, or at least urban, than rural; and a glance at its back files will show how society has been revolutionizing its habits and altering its tastes. *Bell* used to be written for the frequenters of Tattersall's—for men who had the *entrée* to sporting houses of call, and who hobnobbed in back parlours with the heroes and veterans of the prize-ring. Racing naturally had a leading place in its pages, though racing is by no means neglected now by its younger competitors. But in those days the sporting prophets and tipsters were freely tolerated by the Legislature that has since proscribed them. They were not forced to do a precarious business by correspondence from the French shores of the Channel. They had discovered their El Dorado in the parlours of Fleet Street, and generously offered fortunes through the long odds for a trifle to all and sundry who cared to lend an ear. Then *Bell*, which had taken *Nunquam dormio* for its motto, kept its sleepless eye unwinkingly on the whole circle of popular sports. There were fewer prejudices and less fine-spun sentimentality then, although some of the favourite amusements of the people had already been prohibited and made penal. Bull-baiting and badger-baiting had gone out of

date; bull-dogs and game-cocks had to be fought on the sly. But the prize-ring still appeared to be flourishing, though rottenness had already crept into the core. The life of the successful prize-fighter still consisted pretty much of beer and skittles, when he was not actually in the hands of an arbitrary trainer. Sporting young noblemen felt honoured by an intimacy with the battered and broken-nosed Clerkenwell Bruiser; and the Pet of the Seven Dials, the crack of the feather-weights, had his train of respectful admirers, ready to drench him in brandy-and-water. A sporting editor, told off to the duty of holding stakes, was in special attendance at all the grand matches. The office was a dangerous one, and by no means a sinecure; occasionally with the ropes and the stakes he was carried off his legs in a rush and hustled and maltreated like any private person. But he had the reward of his risks in the avidity with which his reports of the combats were read. He was the War Correspondent of old prize-fighting England, and the dash and fire of his animated descriptions anticipated the eloquence of a Russell or a Forbes. It is true he had a style of his own which was somewhat obscure to the uninitiated; but luridly picturesque writing is none the worse for that. We can still remember the thrill with which we used to read—although our affection for the ring was purely platonic—of the tapping of claret and the fibbing of knowledge-boxes; of heads in chancery and backhanders in the bread-basket. But the tone of society changes, and time-honoured fashions pass away; the prize-fighting editors have been gathered to their fathers, leaving no successors; and in these days, were the Clerkenwell Bruiser to come to the front, it is the police and not the public who would honour him with their attentions.

Our old friend *Bell* is of course still to the fore, but he has to hold his own against formidable rivals, and has been forced in great measure to conform himself to their ways. We should say that his regard for the late Serjeant Cox must have been very similar to that of Louis XVIII. for Napoleon. The Serjeant showed extraordinary tact as a successful journalistic impresario, and the name of the country paper he started proved a happy *double entente*, since from the first it took possession of a field of its own, which we fancy it has since held fairly against all comers. The *Field* is a typical paper of its class, and we have no fear of being suspected of puffing it, since metaphorically it floats on the advertisements which literally hang so heavy on the letterpress. But, without depreciating the ability with which it is conducted and written, we confess that we find the advertisements as attractive as any of its very miscellaneous matter. There the imagination may range at will through all that is most adventurous in our easy-going lives, through all that is most romantic in the beautiful scenery of our islands. There are steam-yachts and sailing-yachts for sale at Cowes; there are hunters well known in the shires to be sent to the hammer at Tattersall's; there are high-bred setters and retrievers, suggestive of days on the moors and in the stubbles, and to be sold at prices that should satisfy the millionaire of their merits. Do you desire to go on a cruise round the globe, you may become one of a co-operative company who are chartering a floating hotel, fitted with everything, from irreversible life-rafts to refrigerators. Are you tied to the City, though fond of sport, you may make one of a party of guns at some seductive suburban shooting, where two days in each week you may riot in slaughter among the swarming pheasants and ground-game that must be sending the tenants into bankruptcy. And, talking of guns, you may go shopping without the trouble of it among announcements of competing central-fires and choke-bores fitted with all the ingenious appliances that should make killing something more than a certainty. Or, talking of shooting, the fancy may take wing and range over the dim magnificence of deer-forests and grouse-moors anywhere between the Hebrides and the southern "Highland line." You may picture yourself the tenant of some lonely shooting-box, environed by solitudes haunted only by the red deer, and intersected by navigable arms of the sea, where your yacht may ride at moorings in land-locked anchorages. Or, should you prefer a residence in the South, you may—always in fancy—become the occupant of some historical and baronial hall, with any extent of partridge-ground and pheasant-coverte, snugly enclosed in a convenient ring-fence.

But people who are more prosaically inclined may care less for the advertising sheets than we do; and, for those who have a stake in the country, or who are devoted to rural recreations, there is most miscellaneous matter in the body of the journal. In the articles on racing, hunting, cricket, &c., the traditions of the old *Bell's Life* are, in the main, perpetuated; although in the modern hunting communications there is this considerable difference, that they are written more from the social point of view than they used to be. The late Mr. Surtees, in his memoirs of the immortal Mr. Jorrocks, ridiculed the self-glorification of the Pomponius Egos. Pomponius, when acting as "Our Own Correspondent," used to sketch the hounds and the master and the huntsman and the whips and the horses and the run, but he invariably put himself well forward in the foreground. The Nimrods who are the Sporting Correspondents of to-day are rather less technical and more personally unobtrusive. They describe the find and the run; they glance at the condition of the hounds; but, above all, they are eloquently minute in their description of the field. The ladies of beauty or fashion who grace the meet with their presence have their charms and costumes passed in flattering review; while the gentlemen, unless they shirk and skirt ostentatiously, are belauded and glorified to the top of their bents. As for cricket, it has been

"democratized" by the insertion of many of the minor matches which would formerly have been kindly consigned to oblivion. But the chief alterations and improvements are in the new departments of rural and sporting journalism. Agriculture, for example, receives a fair amount of attention. Cattle-breeding and cattle-sales have their regular allotments of space. Ornamental and vegetable gardening are by no means neglected. Then amateur coaching has come into vogue of late, and the meets of the Coaching and Four-in-hand Clubs receive due attention; while the doings of the gentlemen who carry passengers and parcels on their stage-coaches along the most picturesque of the thoroughfares in the Home Counties and the Midlands are chronicled by travellers who have been gratified by their trips. Lawn-tennis has come into high favour with athletes of either sex, and accordingly we have elaborate reports of lawn-tennis tournaments; while the archery fetes are noticed which revive associations with Robin Hood while giving every opportunity for contemporary flirtation. As for polo, it must seem an unexceptionable sport, except for the ponies, and possibly for the players; though these last may be supposed to have counted the cost before they risk their ribs and their collar-bones. At Hurlingham and the shooting of pigeons we are on more debatable ground. But perhaps the most original feature in the modern country journal is the department that is devoted to travel and foreign sport. For our own part we must own to occasionally finding that the long letters in small type from the Indies or the antipodes leave something to desire in point of style. An unpractised writer shows most perverse ingenuity in making a sensational narrative dull and prosaic. Still there almost invariably is in these letters a sensation of a certain kind, and a meeting with a man-eating tiger in the jungles of the Terai, or with a grizzly bear in the cañons of the Rocky Mountains, or with a monstrous *maheer* in the tanks of one of the Presidencies, is infinitely preferable to the commonplace rehearsal of a butchery of pheasants at the battue of the season. Altogether these journals for country gentlemen seem to be satisfactory signs of progress in a right direction, which is more than can be said for some of their competitors which get their living by scandal instead of by sport.

#### TRADE PROSPECTS.

THE improvement in trade which set in with the outburst of commercial activity in the United States four years ago has already been followed by a reaction. The improvement was a reflection of the revived prosperity of the United States, not a result of better economic conditions at home, and as such was necessarily doomed to be partial as well as shortlived. When it set in, we pointed out in these columns that the agricultural depression from which this country was suffering rendered it improbable that there could be a great revival of trade. There were not a few, however, who argued that British agriculture no longer influences British prosperity as it used to do, that we now draw the greater part of our food supplies from other countries, and consequently that we are little affected by the condition of our agriculture. But this was too narrow a view of the situation. Whether the seasons are propitious or not, capital and labour are expended upon the soil; and when the return is not adequate to the outlay there is a loss of wealth which cannot fail to tell adversely upon the national economy. When the crops are large in quantity and good in quality the landed interest has the means of buying largely from the towns, and consequently it stimulates all branches of trade. When, on the contrary, the crops are bad, there is no adequate return for the labour and capital expended on the soil; and at the same time other labour and capital have to be expended to obtain from abroad the food not produced at home. Thus to purchase this portion of our food supplies involves a double expenditure of capital and labour; in the first place, on the land at home that does not give an adequate return, and in the second place, for procuring the supplies that are deficient. Capital and labour, that is, which might have been employed in the service of the landed classes, are diverted to giving employment to the landed classes abroad. And, in consequence of the protective tariffs maintained by the United States and Russia, the wealth employed in buying food from those countries does not return to give employment to British manufactures, but is expended there. In this way, there is a real loss of wealth through the failure of the land to make an adequate return for the labour and capital expended upon it; and there is a diversion of other capital and labour to employ the agricultural classes abroad and enrich other countries. When this goes on for a series of years the accumulated effect impoverishes the farmers as a body. Some lose their whole capital, and have to throw up their farms; others struggle on in embarrassment; while still larger numbers are disheartened and restrict their expenditure to what is absolutely necessary. As a consequence the value of land falls, rents have to be reduced, and wages are lowered, or, at least, prevented from rising. Thus landlords, farmers, and agricultural labourers are all stunted in their means of expenditure; and necessarily the trades dependent on them are depressed. Their depression, as a matter of course, reacts on other trades. Numerically, it is true, the agricultural classes are but a small part of the population, but they are, for all that, a highly influential part. It must never be forgotten that even now agriculture is the greatest single industry in this country. The impoverishment of the farmers and landowners, and the



decline of trade consequent thereon, obviously must diminish the savings of the country. Of course there are large savings made every year, but they are smaller than they would have been had there been no agricultural depression. The diminution of savings leaves a smaller amount available for investment abroad, and thus the investing public in this country have less means to engage in railway construction in the United States and other similar enterprises. The distrust of American railway enterprise engendered by the gross mismanagement of certain notorious lines was thus aided by a real diminution in the funds available, and the consequence was that a premature check was given to American enterprise. The cycle of prosperity was brought to an end sooner than it otherwise would have been. The result was a diminution of the stimulus from abroad that had first given the improvement to our trade. And this effect was heightened still further by the collapse of speculation in France a year and a half ago. Speculation, with all the evils attendant upon it, has this one advantage—it renders it easier to carry out great commercial enterprises. When a railway is to be constructed, or any other great public work to be effected, shares or bonds have to be sold in the stock markets; and it is easier by far to raise money when speculation is active, and people are disposed to look favourably upon every new proposal, than when they look with suspicion upon those who ask them for funds. The collapse of speculation in France and the United States has inflicted great losses upon speculators, and consequently has produced a temper in which it is very difficult to get men to believe in any new undertaking. The result is still further to check trade by discouraging or preventing enterprises which depend upon the floating of Companies.

We find accordingly evidence in many directions of a decline in trade. Thus the Board of Trade Returns for August show a decrease, compared with the corresponding periods of last year, in the value of the exports both for the month and for the eight months ended with August. For the eight months the decrease is 2,043,000*l.*, or somewhat over 1½ per cent. There is also a falling-off in the Clearing-House Returns, both in London and in Manchester. And from all quarters we hear threats of labour disputes. There is a strike in the cotton trade, which it is feared will largely extend; and difficulties are apprehended in other industries. There is a marked decrease in shipbuilding too. And everywhere manufacturers complain that there is exceedingly little profit on what they are doing. Still it must be pointed out that, though unquestionably we are again passing through a time of depressed trade, the depression is not very great. Although the value of the exports has fallen off for the eight months, there is an increase in the case of such important articles as cotton piece-goods, machinery and mill-work, coal and coke, unwrought copper, jute yarn and manufactures, earthenware, and seed oil. And, what is not less noticeable, there is a very large increase in the value of the imports. Nor is the increase confined to food and articles of luxury. There is a decided increase in the value of raw cotton imported, as also in the value of wool, hides, and some other raw materials of manufacture. It is not to be supposed that, if trade was really very bad, manufacturers would continue to import larger quantities than ever of raw materials. Unquestionably, as we have said, trade is not prosperous. But the losses must be small indeed, or raw materials would not continue to be imported in larger quantities even than last year. Again, we notice that, although the clearings through the Clearing House are smaller than they were last year, they are larger on the fourths of months—that is, on the days when commercial accounts are settled. It is true that the importance of the fourths of months is less than it was. Of late it is becoming the rule to have special settling days for special trades. But still, so far as this exceptional importance goes, it is noteworthy that there is no falling-off on the fourths of months. It is chiefly on the Stock Exchange settling days—that is to say, in speculation proper—that the decreases are observable. Once more, it is noteworthy that the railway traffic receipts continue to increase—though not very largely, it is true. Still the fact that there are larger receipts for the carriage of goods as well as for the carriage of passengers proves that the amount of business done is at least as large as it was last year, and therefore that there is no diminution in the volume of trade. Profits apparently are very small, and in many cases have disappeared altogether; but the condition of trade has not become so bad as to lead to any diminution in the outturn. Consequently we can hardly be said to be in a period of depression. There is a check to trade, and a decided diminution in activity, but “depression” is too grave a word to characterize the situation.

As regards future prospects, it is to be observed that the agricultural depression is not yet at an end. The harvest is disappointing, partly because of the bad weather in July, and partly because of the storms and rain that have come since the present month set in. And while the agricultural depression lasts, it is not to be expected that there will be a marked improvement in trade. It is true, nevertheless, that the last three harvests have been better than the three before, and that to some extent the disappointment of the present harvest is due to the fact that the area sown with wheat is smaller than usual. In other words, labour and capital this year, owing to the wetness of the autumn and winter, have not been expended to the extent that at first sight they would seem to have been in a way that has remained without adequate return. But it is to be assumed that the land which would have been sown with wheat, had the autumn been favourable, has been sown with other crops;

and the other crops are mostly good. Moreover, it is not to be forgotten that the rains of the present month, if they have injured the harvest, have benefited the green crops and pasturage, and therefore to some extent have improved the condition of the farmers. Still it is not to be gainsaid that the agricultural depression is not yet at an end. Further, there are political anxieties which are deranging trade; if war should break out between France and China, the Eastern trade may be seriously disturbed; and if the drought in the North-West of India should become serious, that again would depress the cotton industry. Lastly, it is not clear that the liquidation consequent upon the speculative fever through which France and the United States have passed is quite terminated. It is possible that we may yet see a sharper crisis in the United States, and consequently a shock to credit; and while any apprehension remains, a marked improvement in trade is hardly to be looked for. On the other hand, it is clear that the price of bread will be extremely low this year. The harvests of Europe, though not good, are yet sufficiently good to make it certain that, with the large supplies available from the United States and India, wheat will be cheap all the year, and consequently the wages of labour will go further than usual; which means that the working classes will have a considerable surplus to be spent upon other things than food. This is always a condition favourable to trade. Moreover, prices in every department are now very low. Trade requires a smaller capital to work with than when prices are high, and this is favourable to a large consumption. Every commodity is so cheap that consumers are tempted to increase their consumption. In the last place, it is to be observed that the interest payable for the use of capital is very low. Some little time ago it was feared that serious disturbance would be experienced in the money market this autumn. The condition of the railway world in the United States looked as if a crisis were impending; and had it come, there might probably have been serious disturbance in the New York money market, which would have extended to Europe. It appears now as if the danger was averted; and the policy pursued by the Bank of England Directors has strengthened that institution so greatly that, unless they now depart from the wise course they have pursued for several months, it may be assumed that the London money market is prepared for anything that may occur. In the same way the Continental money markets appear to be secure, unless indeed political causes should unexpectedly derange them. Altogether, then, while we see no prospect of a marked revival, it seems reasonable to hope that the depression will go no further, and that before long there will be rather a tendency towards gradual improvement.

#### THE THEATRES.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has, by her appearance at the Lyceum Theatre as Parthenia in *Ingomar*, given good reason to suppose that the reports which heralded her coming as to her talent were well founded. It may be remembered that Mr. Irving, in his farewell speech, made a graceful reference to Miss Anderson's expected appearance, and it is gratifying to find that the hopes which he expressed as to her reception and success have been fulfilled. It is less gratifying to note that an evening paper, in which at one time such a thing would have been amazing, dragged itself through the mire by seizing the occasion of Miss Anderson's arrival to introduce into English journalism the detestable American practice of “interviewing”; but that is a matter which concerns the evening paper and its readers rather than Miss Anderson and her audiences. That the American actress has talent, and considerable talent, might be judged from the mere fact that she has succeeded in reviving interest in a play which it is the modern fashion to call old-fashioned, and in showing that it is not, as it has generally been taken to be, a “one-part” play—a play fitted only for the exhibition of the powers possessed by the player of *Ingomar*. *Ingomar* is a strong part, and it is very well played in the present production by Mr. J. H. Barnes, who has never before, to our thinking, done anything nearly so well; but Miss Anderson, without any trickery or ostentation, makes Parthenia the central figure. The lines of the character, like those of the play, are simple and, in their way, telling; and the part demands a firm and delicate touch, which is always at Miss Anderson's command. A good, though frequently misused, word, “charming,” is perhaps the best with which to describe the general effect of her performance; and it is the more fitting because the interest hangs round Parthenia's success in exercising an unwonted charm over the barbarian chief into whose keeping she gives herself, with maidenly courage, as a ransom to save her father from slavery among the Allemanni, or, as most of the actors have it, the Allymarny. Miss Anderson's talent is, as we have said, undoubted; and her faults are of a kind which suggests that they may, without much difficulty, be overcome. They seem to spring from imperfect or erroneous instruction rather than from any natural incapacity. Her diction is at times so faulty as to make it difficult for an attentive listener to follow the words; her gestures and actions are inclined at times to be pedantic; and her laugh, when she rejects the suit of the wealthy miser Polydor, is obviously learnt, and learnt in a bad school. It is hard, mechanical; and insincere, and has no relation with the character as Miss Anderson in her better moments, of which there are many, interprets it.

The general conception of the character is excellent; the execution is, for the most part, full of grace and of something more than intelligence; the blots are presumably such as come from ill-considered schooling. Perhaps the best passages in a performance which includes much that is good are the scene with the Timarch towards the close of the first act, in which there was true passion, and that with Ingomar at the end of the third act. In the first named of these the actress found and used to excellent effect an opportunity of showing that she can solve at need the riddle of how "sensitivity" and instruction should be allied in acting. Her playing at this point was charged with feeling, and there was not a false point to be detected in her movement and diction. The emotion had the true ring, and its expression had complete technical correctness. In other words, it was a piece of really good acting. So in the scene with Ingomar, the high comedy of mingled tenderness and coquetry was duly accented, but not exaggerated; and from this it may be inferred that in a good high-comedy part Miss Anderson might do her capabilities yet greater justice than she is able to do to them in Parthenia. But we must end, as we began, by expressing a belief that, to judge from her performance in *Ingomar*, Miss Anderson has great natural qualifications as an actress, and that her faults are rather her teachers' than her own. Mr. Barnes's Ingomar is a capital performance, strong, simple, and to the point; but he might do well to make the change of appearance in the last act a little less startling. Mr. J. G. Taylor, as a rule an excellent actor, has probably never been seen to so little advantage as in *Polydor*. In this part it seems to be his mission to stand between two folding-doors with a mild Satanic chuckle. The play is admirably mounted, and the costumes, designed by Mr. Lewis Wingfield, are well harmonized and striking. The stage management is good, and the accurate "fielding" of the axes thrown about in the scene of barbaric revel is remarkable.

The "new and original comedy" *The Glass of Fashion*, by Mr. Sydney Grundy, produced at the Globe Theatre, has in it all the materials for an excellent farce, but these materials will not bear the strain of four acts of supposed comedy. The play, which, as it seems, was announced in the provinces as the work of two authors, but in the London playbills is assigned to Mr. Grundy alone, is wanting in coherence and reasonableness; and the imbroglion upon which what interest it can be said to possess is made to hang is too slight for its purpose. There is a lady who has taken to gambling without her husband's knowledge, and who has lost a sum which she imagines that she can easily pay out of her own private fortune. The husband knows that she has no right to the fortune, because she is illegitimate, a fact which has been carefully concealed from her; and he has also a horror of gambling. If she took early in the play the very sensible advice which her sister, seeing that she has some trouble on her mind, gives her—to confide in her husband—the difficulties, and with them, it must be added in fairness, the play itself, would cease to exist. There is a Polish adventurer, passing himself off under the name of Prince Borowski, who makes love to and tries to compromise the lady, Mrs. Trevanion. This he does in the first place by supplying malicious paragraphs concerning her to a "society" journal called *The Glass of Fashion*, on which he is engaged as a draughtsman and of which by an odd chance Mrs. Trevanion's guardian, a rich brewer, Mr. Macadam, has secretly become the proprietor. Some fun and a certain amount of telling dialogue are got out of Macadam's embarrassment and rage with Prior Jenkyn, the editor of the paper; but the situation is too often repeated in almost exactly the same way. Prince Borowski, in the second place, tells Mrs. Trevanion lies, which she unhesitatingly believes, about her husband, and, having got her to his studio to sit for a portrait, behaves like a villain in a melodrama, and puts her, as he thinks, completely at his mercy by compelling her to take refuge in a room divided from the studio by a curtain. Here the complete artificiality of the situation is apparent enough in itself and is accentuated by the ludicrous violation of probability which is resorted to in order to bring down the curtain on what may look like an effective situation. While Mrs. Trevanion is concealed, her sister, Peg O'Reilly, comes to the studio and worries the supposed Prince by insisting on staying to wait for Mrs. Trevanion. When other visitors are announced she consents, having meanwhile caught a glimpse of her sister behind the curtain, to go out by a door which Borowski has previously locked to prevent Mrs. Trevanion's escape. While Borowski is out of the room, Peg goes into the curtained room and Mrs. Trevanion goes out by the door. There is only one reason for their not both going out, that reason being that it has struck the author as a more effective plan to show Borowski's discomfiture when, on his opening the curtain in the hope of overwhelming Mrs. Trevanion, his guests find that the person concealed is Miss O'Reilly. But he would have been just as much discomfited if there had been nobody at all behind the curtain, and there is no attempt at an adequate explanation of the whole incident. In the last act everything is of course cleared up in the accepted fashion, and Borowski is taken off by the French police. The mystification of the studio scene is helped out by the fact that Lady Coombe, Macadam's wife, is secretly sitting to Borowski for her portrait, that the paragraphs aimed at Mrs. Trevanion in Macadam's paper appear equally applicable to Macadam's wife, and that Tom Stanhope, Peg O'Reilly's accepted suitor, changes the places of the sketches placed about the room, so that when the cover is lifted from the drawing which Borowski believes to be the portrait just begun of Mrs. Trevanion, it reveals instead the

portrait of Lady Coombe. All this makes, it must be confessed, but a meagre sort of comedy intrigue, and the piece could hardly be made to look like a comedy even by better acting than is bestowed upon it. Miss Carlotta Leclercq's performance of Lady Coombe is extremely skilful and full of instruction; and Mr. Shine's acting as Macadam is a good and pleasant piece of farce. Miss Lingard appears as Mrs. Trevanion, and produces the impression that she has it in her to be a good actress, but that she has picked up some of the worst faults associated with the word staginess. She has much in her favour, and, not least, a singularly graceful carriage and movement; but when she wishes to be incisive she is ponderous and stilted. In this matter she might with advantage take example by Miss Venne, who is not particularly well suited in the part of Peg O'Reilly, but whose technical excellence in the delivery of her "points" and in the management of the business of the character is highly creditable. Mr. Lethcourt's Colonel Trevanion and Mr. Gardiner's Prior Jenkyn are not without merit. No such praise can be given to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's performance of Prince Borowski, which manages to combine in a singular fashion the faults of rawness and of conventionality. The conception of the part is bad—no person so offensive in his demeanour could be accepted as Borowski is, even in the very odd sort of society which the play professes to represent—and for the execution we can find no commendation. Indeed, one could best describe the whole effect of the performance by borrowing a celebrated American criticism, which announced that "Mr. ———'s Hamlet is no way to behave."

At the Savoy Theatre *Iolanthe* continues to be played with undiminished vigour and success. Miss Leonora Braham's Phyllis is as bright and artistic as ever, Mr. Temple has improved in his clever performance of Strephon, and Mr. Grossmith's Lord Chancellor becomes a more captivating and humorous personage on further acquaintance. Mr. Grossmith should not, however, allow the orchestra to drown his voice in the second half of the nightmare song, which is one of the best things in the piece, and which misses its effect only because Mr. Grossmith's excellent articulation is completely lost in the noise of the band.

We cannot end this article without referring to the lamented death of Mr. Dutton Cook, well known as a fresh and bright novelist, an able dramatic critic, and a writer of very amusing and instructive books about the theatre. Mr. Dutton Cook's criticism always showed research, was given with the coolest and most impartial judgment, and, as in his novels, his style was remarkable for singular correctness and happiness of expression. His place will not be easily filled.

#### THE ST. LEGER.

THE principal difference between the Derby and the St. Leger is that the former should be the solution of the past year's two-year-old form, and the latter the solution of the current year's three-year-old form. It is true that the Two Thousand and one or two other races throw some light on the relative powers of the three-year-olds before the Derby, but the course for the Two Thousand is too short to test the merits of the Derby candidates, and the race is run so early in the season that, in most cases, some of the competitors are not completely trained. Nor does the One Thousand, in a general way, afford much assistance to those who prophesy on the Derby, as but few mares are entered for the last-named race. Calculations on the Derby are, therefore, based to a great extent on the two-year-old running of the previous year. On the contrary, there has always been a great amount of three-year-old racing before the St. Leger. Indeed, most of the three-year-olds in training have generally been so run through by the middle of September that one might be inclined to wonder at the St. Leger maintaining its interest and popularity. The form of the fillies, which, as we have already observed, but rarely affects the Derby, has often an important bearing on the St. Leger. The St. Leger may therefore be said to be the race, of all others, which should most confirm public form, and at first sight it would appear as if a child with a Racing Calendar might make a very fair forecast of the probable result. In practice, however, this is very far from being the case, and even so late in the season it not infrequently happens that the form of at least one of the competitors has never been fairly tested in public.

The late St. Leger was by no means so interesting a race as it might have been. St. Blaise, the winner of the Derby, was not entered for it. Border Minstrel, another three-year-old that had shown first-class form, was also unentered. Galliard, the winner of the Two Thousand at Newmarket, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes, the St. James's Palace Stakes, and the Triennial Stakes at Ascot, after having been first favourite during a great part of the summer, fell lame and was scratched. Hamako, a remarkably fine, but backward colt, of whom great things had been expected, was also scratched. Nevertheless there were enough horses left in the St. Leger to make it a fairly interesting race, although much below the average. It would be natural to expect to find the winners of some of the principal three-year-old races of the season among the favourites for the St. Leger, but so lately as last week neither the first nor the second favourite had won a race this year; the third favourite had only won a Biennial at Newmarket, and the fourth favourite had won nothing but a handicapper. Yet it could not be said that the claims of most of the



favourites were not founded upon three-year-old form. Highland Chief had run second for the Derby, in which race he was only a neck behind the winner, and very plausible excuses were made for his defeat. If he ought to have won the Derby, there was every reason for making him first favourite for the St. Leger; but if St. Blaise won the Derby on his merits, and was the best colt of his year, Highland Chief had every claim to be considered the second best; and, as St. Blaise was not entered for the St. Leger, Highland Chief appeared on paper to have no superior opponent. It had to be remembered that he had been unplaced for the Two Thousand, after starting first favourite; but he had looked in poor condition before that race, and in the Derby he had beaten Galliard, the winner of the Two Thousand, by half a length. Galliard's subsequent running at Ascot seemed to prove that a colt that could beat him must be a horse of the highest class; and even if Galliard had remained in the St. Leger there would have been much to be said in favour of the chance of Highland Chief. Most judges of horseflesh considered Highland Chief to be well suited to the St. Leger course on account of his size and length; but some did not like the formation of his legs; and reports that he habitually wore bandages at exercise, and that he always galloped on tan, gave rise to prejudices against him. His breeding was much in his favour, as he was by the very promising young sire Hampton, out of the dam of the celebrated Corrie Roy.

The Prince had not appeared in public since he ran in the Derby, for which race he was unplaced. In the Two Thousand he had been beaten half a length by Galliard and a neck by Goldfield. The colt was said to have undergone an excellent preparation, and, although he had not done much in public this season, he enjoyed a very high reputation for his performances in private. One of the leading favourites had not run in public as a three-year-old, and had only run once as a two-year-old. This was Royal Angus, a colt by Cremorne out of Hetty. Last year, in the Mottisfont Stakes at Stockbridge, he had beaten Beau Brummel by a neck. He was receiving 5 lbs., but 4 to 1 had been laid on Beau Brummel at the start, and this performance placed Royal Angus, or the Hetty colt, as he was then called, among the best two-year-olds of his year. Some time before the Derby he was cast in his box, when he strained one of his stifles. After this accident he was laid up for a time, but he recovered soon enough to undergo a full preparation for the St. Leger. He is a chestnut colt, with remarkable power, and his movement in his gallops more than satisfied the critics. Backers are generally very shy about supporting a horse for the St. Leger that has not run in public as a three-year-old, but the absence of Royal Angus from race-meetings this season had been satisfactorily accounted for; his only performance of last season had been everything that could be wished, and his appearance was in his favour.

It is seldom that the prospects of the St. Leger are much affected by a handicap, but Elzevir's single victory in the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot placed him among the favourites. He had been opposed by a field of twenty-one horses, and he had won very cleverly by a length and a half. It is difficult to calculate the true value of a victory in a large handicap, especially when it is to be compared with three-year-old running at even weights, but, as a trial, Elzevir's race in the Royal Hunt Cup was a very high one, and the course for that race, although exactly the opposite in every respect to that for the St. Leger, is severe. Last year Elzevir had run a dead heat with St. Blaise, but he was then receiving 7 lbs., and his other two-year-old running had scarcely proved him to be a first-class colt. During his preparation for the St. Leger he had met with an accident, which had to some extent interfered with his training.

The Great Yorkshire Stakes, which is the last important three-year-old race before Doncaster, often produces a reversal of previous public form, and materially affects the positions of some of the favourites for the St. Leger. Last month we had a notable instance of this. Chislehurst, Ladislus, and Ossian, three colts engaged in the St. Leger, had been respectively first, second, and third favourites for the late Great Yorkshire Stakes. Chislehurst, a colt by Beauclerc out of Empress, had been unplaced for the Two Thousand, but at Ascot he had won the Rous Memorial Stakes in a canter. At Gosforth Park, again, he had won the North Derby, giving from 9 lbs. to 19 lbs. to each of his three opponents. Then at Redcar, he had won the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes, giving weight to everything that ran against him. Moreover, he had shown good form as a two-year-old, winning a couple of races and running a good third to Macheath and Highland Chief in the Middle Park Plate. Ladislus, a colt by Hampton, had run well among horses of high class this season. At Newmarket he had run second to Splendor, to whom he was giving 10 lbs., and had beaten Ossian, to whom he was making the same allowance. In the Ascot Derby he met St. Blaise, but he was receiving 10 lbs. from the winner of the Derby. Ossian again opposed him, but this time at an advantage of 7 instead of 10 lbs. St. Blaise was beaten a long way under his extra weight, but there was a fine race between Ladislus and Ossian, the first-named winning by a head. At the Newmarket July Meeting Ladislus ran a dead heat with Henley, to whom he was only giving 4 lbs., which was but a poor performance. In the Prince of Wales's Stakes, at Ascot, he was unplaced to Galliard, when meeting him at even weights, but his old opponent, Ossian, to whom he was giving 10 lbs., ran second. Ossian, who, like Elzevir, is by Salvator, had given the aforesaid Henley 5 lbs. and beaten him by four lengths at Goodwood, at which meeting he also won the valuable Sussex Stakes.

There seemed to be good reason, on the above running, for placing the favourites for the Great Yorkshire Stakes in the order already mentioned, especially as Chislehurst was only carrying 8 st. 10 lbs., while Ladislus was weighted at 9 st. 1 lb., and Ossian at 9 st. A capital race followed between Chislehurst and Ossian; but the latter won by a neck, while Ladislus was a couple of lengths behind.

Only nine horses went to the post for the St. Leger; but even with this small field there was a false start, and a horse called Cecil Craven ran half a mile before he could be pulled up. When the real start took place this same Cecil Craven made the running for Ossian. The last-named horse, however, kept in the front rank throughout the race, closely accompanied by Chislehurst. Soon after passing the Red House, Ossian, Chislehurst, and Highland Chief came away together; but Highland Chief fell lame, and the battle was left to Ossian and Chislehurst. Ossian, who had held the lead all the way from the Rife Butts, ran gamely on, and won by three lengths. Highland Chief was a bad third, and Elzevir was fourth.

Ossian is not a horse of remarkable substance and power, but he ran throughout the race for the St. Leger like a thorough stayer. Highland Chief, who had shown the best public form of all the starters, fell lame during the race, so that, as far as the value of his performance is concerned, he might not have started. Royal Angus had not been tried in public as a three-year-old until the St. Leger, and the previous running of The Prince this season was of no great value. The training of Elzevir had been interrupted, so his St. Leger form may have been all wrong. Cornfield had never run in public before, and Cecil Craven was a mere plater. This only leaves us with Ossian, Chislehurst, and Ladislus. The last-named horse probably ought to have run better; otherwise the race for the St. Leger was a repetition of the Great Yorkshire Stakes, with the extra 4 lbs. taken off the back of Ossian. How many pounds below an average St. Leger winner Ossian may be is a question which we leave racing-men to decide for themselves; but the Duke of Hamilton may be considered very lucky in winning the St. Leger with such a horse, good, in his own way, as he undoubtedly is. After all, when there happens to be no first-class horse left in a race, a good second-class horse becomes a very valuable animal. Perhaps, too, if a St. Leger was fated to be unusually dull, the best thing that could happen was that it should end in a surprise. On the whole, it might be a little too much to say that the late St. Leger was the poorest ever known.

## REVIEWS.

### SLAVIC AND LATIN.\*

LORD ILCHESTER'S bequest to the University of Oxford of a modest fund "for the encouragement of the study of the Polish and other Slavonic languages, literature, and history," has resulted, among other things, in the publication of several useful books which would otherwise never have seen the light. Among these a high place is due to Dr. Abel's present contribution to our slender stock of information regarding Slavic philology. Few scholars are better qualified than he is for dealing with the subject, so far as both general and special knowledge are concerned. Many philologists may be inclined to doubt certain of his conclusions, and even at times to challenge the soundness of the methods he employs. But about his acquaintance with the languages which he discusses in the volume now before us there can be no dispute, and we may well be grateful to him for his labours in, as he styles it, "tilling virgin soil," even though we may be unable to acquiesce implicitly in all the "conceptual estimates" to which he lays claim. To the first half of his work few readers will be likely to take exception. For in it he deals mostly with facts, and the assertions he makes rest upon a broad and solid foundation which there is no great difficulty in testing. In the second part, however, there is no slight amount of hypothesis and surmise, and its arguments are frequently of a nature which can be fully comprehended only by scholars who are familiar with Egyptian—the language to which he most frequently appeals for corroboration.

Dr. Abel begins with an ethnographical sketch of Russia in general, and then passes on to a special examination of the Great-Russian and the Little-Russian races, bringing prominently forward their leading characteristics, and pointing out how their moral and intellectual differences have affected the forms of speech which they have severally adopted. Nothing can be clearer or more judicious than his statements about the pedigree of the people inhabiting the greater part of Russia in Europe, distasteful as they may prove to the Slavophile mind. There can be little doubt, for instance, that he is right in asserting that only a little more than a quarter of the inhabitants can be claimed as being of pure Russo-Slavonic origin, the rest being a "wholly or partially Slavified Finno-Tataric population." His contrast also of the Slavo-Russian of Little-Russia and White-Russia with the Finno-Russian of the rest of the European part of the Empire is everything that could be desired. It would be well if writers

\* *Slavic and Latin.* Ilchester Lectures on Comparative Lexicography, delivered at the Taylor Institution, Oxford. By Carl Abel, Ph.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1883.

about Russia would carefully study the pages which Dr. Abel has devoted to this subject, and bear in mind, when discussing Russian characteristics, the striking difference which exists between the lively and sentimental Little-Russians and their more stolid Great-Russian fellow-subjects. The Little-Russian Dr. Abel describes as "a sensitive, excitable, and musical being, essentially sedentary, agricultural, and domestic." He usually marries for love, and his family life habitually displays tenderness and mutual consideration and care. He is "impressible and apt to waver and fret," and he is remarkable for a thoroughly Slavic deficiency of moral backbone, a want for which his genuine love of flowers, moonlight, and poetry scarcely makes up. The Great-Russian, on the other hand, is described as "a clever, cold-blooded, calculating individual," who has decidedly nomadic tendencies, and who varies agricultural pursuits with many an itinerant trade. His marriage is arranged for him by his relatives, who, in estimating female worth, "prefer bones that will stand labour to beauty that is only skin-deep," and in his domestic life he relies rather upon authority than upon affection. He is sturdy, confident, and adventurous, and, if he is wanting in feeling and imagination, he is compensated by an abundant stock of plain common-sense. He may not be as amiable as his weaker brother, but he is better fitted for the hard battle of life which he is called upon to fight by the rough stern strength which he has inherited from his Ugrian ancestors. It is natural that, as they differ so widely, the two Russian races should not love one another to excess. The sentimental Little-Russian considers the Muscovite a bear, and the practical Great-Russian looks upon the Little-Russian as a being irresolute, weak, and sly. In Dr. Abel's opinion, "but for the distinctive characteristics of her Muscovite ingredient, Russia would never have attained the might she possesses." At a time when Slavophile tendencies are in the ascendant, and Pan Slavism is a power in Russia, it seems hard that the most truly Slavic part of the Russian nation should be to a great measure deprived of the free expression of its native tongue in print; but such is the case, and Dr. Abel does not exaggerate when he says that the language of Little-Russia is "officially tabooed." The fate of that mellifluous Slav dialect has long been hard. During several centuries it was stifled, as a literary language, by Polish, the owners of the land being Poles. At present its utterances are as much as possible discouraged by "the vigorous statesmen of St. Petersburg." It is still spoken by some fifteen millions of peasants, but it is "excluded from church, school, and court," and "it is equally prohibited in the theatre, the concert-room, and the editorial office." It was mainly on account of his attempts to promote the study of his native tongue that Professor Dragomanoff fell into disgrace, and was obliged to retire from Kief to Geneva, where he now edits the *Volnoe Slovo*, or *Free Word*, the organ of the moderate section of the Russian reformers. Strangely enough, there is one foreign district in which the Russian Government patronizes the ancient idiom which it persecutes within its own domains. Among the Ruthenes of the Austrian province of Galicia a Little-Russian literature exists which is not only regarded with favour by the bureaucrats of St. Petersburg, but is even subsidized by at least some of their number, being looked upon as "an antidote against Polishism, Romanism, and Hapsburg rule."

Dr. Abel devotes his second lecture to the linguistic differences between the two races of which he has already discussed the peculiarities of sentiment and character. His opinion is that the Finns and Finno-Tatars, who formed the majority of the ancestors of the present inhabitants of Great-Russia, when they accepted Slavonic speech, did not necessarily accept Slavonic sentiment; and that their "Turanic remodelling of the original Aryan tongue" has involved many changes of meaning in words which point to distinctive varieties of thought. In order to illustrate this idea he has chosen certain epithets, involving conceptions of what is good and bad, and has proceeded to "their comparative dissection in Little-Russian and Great-Russian." The adjective *khorošchi*, he says, possibly derived from *kras*, "red," mainly keeps to the sensuous sphere in Little-Russian, and goes no further metaphorically than to signify what is beautiful and pleasing. In Great-Russian, on the other hand, it passes at a leap from the signification of what is pleasing into that of what is good. The Little-Russian term for what is intrinsically good is *dobro*, a word which exists also in Great-Russian, but has been there to a great extent supplanted by *khorošchi*. Dr. Abel's inference is that the Great-Russians consider that to be good which is pleasing, that which they like themselves; while the Little-Russians express in speech what they recognize in thought, that there is a difference between that which is intrinsically good and that which is personally agreeable. In the conception of badness he finds an equally marked difference between the two races. This the word *chudoi*, which in Little-Russian indicates nothing worse than a pauper, is degraded in Great-Russian into the signification of that which is bad or wicked. Again, *durni* in Little-Russian denotes a man who is mischievous from stupidity, intoxication, or madness; in Great-Russian the word *durnoi* "is generalized into signifying anything that is repulsive and ugly, and on these grounds considered to be very bad." The Little-Russian term *lich* generally means "wicked," occasionally "insolent"; "in Great-Russian the wicked motives of a man called *lich* are generally forgotten, while his insolence is raised to the pitch of boldness, resolve, and manly enterprise." From the testimony of these and other similar verbal changes Dr. Abel infers that the Finnic element in the Great-Russian race has exercised a considerable effect upon the language which is now spoken over the greater part of the Russian

Empire. There is doubtless some truth in this; but judgments of races based upon linguistic dissection are always open to considerable suspicion, and so are philological conclusions which are prompted by race prejudices. It is always easy for a linguist who is dealing with an unfamiliar tongue to make out a plausible case in support of a favourite theory. Dr. Abel is a conscientious marshaller of witnesses; but at least on one point we find him relying on very insufficient testimony. According to him, "Slavonic philology is not altogether without English ramifications." In Great Britain, he says, we find Slavonic speech still lingering. It is true, he continues, that "these relics of a remote linguistic past consist only in a few geographical names—Wilton, Wiltshire, Wily"; but he recognizes those names without a scruple as survivals from the time of the Viltis, a Slavonic tribe from ancient Pomerania, who sent forth colonies from the mouth of the Oder to Holland and England in the fourth and fifth centuries. The existence of these Slavonic settlers in Wiltshire is an ingenious hypothesis, but it can scarcely be admitted as an historic fact.

Some of the caution with which we must accept such statements as that relating to a settlement of the Slavs in England ought to be extended to the conclusions at which Dr. Abel arrives in his third and fourth lectures, which are devoted to "the Russian linguistic conception of 'gentleman' and 'nobleman,'" and "the linguistic conception of liberty in Russian and Polish as compared with Latin." "Russian," he says, "does not possess any single term combining the three constituent qualities of a gentleman; good breeding, liberal education, and high honour." This is perfectly true, but the deficiency does not occur in Russian only. Not only Russians, but many other races also, have been obliged to import our word gentleman into their languages. Its development was slow among ourselves, but since it came to maturity at home, it has spread widely abroad. Failing it, the Russians are obliged to make use of many terms in order to convey the idea which we express by a single word. Beginning with the element of honour, we find four phrases which signify respectively a trustworthy man, a conscientious man, a honest man, and a moral hero. Education enables its recipient to be designated by epithets signifying "cultivated" and "enlightened"; and good-breeding is inferred from such statements as that a man is "well taught," "well informed," and "respectful," consequently polite, well mannered, and considerate, or that he is "pleasant," "amiable," and "friendly." The result of this investigation is, according to Dr. Abel, that "we find ordinary social morality, as well as culture and manners, represented as often springing from civilization alone," or as depending on trustworthiness and absence of deceit. The English adjective "noble" requires for its full expression the use of several Russian words. The ordinary equivalent for nobleman, *dvoryanin*, literally means courtier, a man attached to the royal court or *dvor*, and the adjective *dvoryanskiy* signifies almost exclusively "that which is the property of the exalted person mentioned." Such terms as *blagorodni*, with its intensifications, merely refer to a supposed quality of being "well-born," and are simply official or bookish inventions. As for the adjectives derived from the old and the popular words for nobleman, they have nothing to do with noble in a moral sense; *báráki*, for instance, simply meaning that which belongs to the *boyárin* or *bárin*, the master, without having any reference to nobility or any other quality inherent in that individual. It is while speaking of this word *bárin* that Dr. Abel first brings forward the theory as to inversions of sound and sense on which he lays so much stress. The testimony of language would be sufficient, he says, even if no historical evidence could be adduced to prove that the word *boyárin* means slaveholder. "Phonetically inverting *bar*, which is the root and oldest recorded form of *boyárin*, we obtain the word *rab*. This *rab* in Russian signifies 'slave.' Thus by the side of the word *bar*, master, we have an inversion in sound as well as in sense, *rab*, slave." This peculiar correspondence Dr. Abel regards as no mere accident, but rather as "the consequence of a linguistic process effected for a purpose, and embodying an intellectual result," and he gives in an appendix three tables of words which in Egyptian offer instances of inversion either in sound or sense, or in both. Whatever may be the case with regard to his Egyptian examples, for thousands of which he refers to his *Coptic Researches*, Dr. Abel's ingenious "topsy-turvy" hypothesis as to the connexion between *bar* and *rab* in Russian will hardly meet with the approval of philologists.

#### ANNALS OF CHEPSTOW CASTLE.\*

WE learn from the editor's preface that Mr. J. F. Marsh, the author of the present volume, intended to write a series of histories of the many castles of Monmouthshire, but that his death occurred before he had advanced beyond the subject of Chepstow. Whether Mr. Marsh proposed to supplement his chronological accounts with descriptions of the material remains of the several fortresses is not clear; but, as far as Chepstow is concerned, the value of his labours would have been much the same had there been no structural remains at all, for these are adverted to only casually and in the vaguest manner. There is, consequently, an incompleteness in the book; for, though we have a more or less critical narrative of the lineage and doings of many illustrious

\* *Annals of Chepstow Castle; or, Six Centuries of the Lords of Strigul, from the Conquest to the Revolution.* By John Fitchett Marsh, deceased. Edited by Sir John Maclean, F.S.A. Exeter: Privately printed by William Pollard. 1883.



soldiers and statesmen who were not only lords of Chepstow Castle, but, in a wider point of view, were lords also of mediæval English politics, of the Castle itself we only here and there catch a glimpse through the tangled pedigrees and crowded public acts of the Fitz-Osberns, De Clares, Bigods, Marshalls, and other great people who successively owned the place. To give more suggestive meaning to the connexion of these men with Chepstow Castle, a few engravings, with a ground plan of the buildings, might wisely have been added; for the character of a mediæval lord, and his employments in war and peace, are as clearly discovered by the contrivances of his stronghold as the manner of living of a Cistercian brotherhood is expressed by the cloistral arrangements of their ruined houses. Unlike the abbey, the castle, though it had its oratory, had neither scriptorium nor scribe, so that we have no records of the daily life of the baron and his household such as we possess of the abbot and his monks. Indeed the abode of the feudal chieftain was the camp rather than the castle, and in illustration of his warlike activity the work before us affords many personal instances. Of these the earliest named is William Fitz-Osbern, who was so far the foremost man in the Norman invasion that he was the first and chief adviser of the actual leader, and furnished sixty ships towards the enterprise. Though he is believed to have built many fortresses on the marshes of South Wales, and to have subdued that country eastward as far as Raglan, his place as Seneschal of the Royal household was about the King's person. How close was that relationship may be inferred from the incident that caused him to give up his office. On one occasion, having suffered an insufficiently roasted crane to be placed on the Royal table, he was reminded of his want of caution by an angry blow from his master, an insult that he resented by forsaking the Court. Taking once more to the field, he received a more fatal injury, being slain in a war in Flanders.

Strigul (a manner of spelling selected from seventy-one variations of the name), which, in spite of the Ordnance map having perpetuated the error of assigning that name to a fourteenth-century fortalice in the neighbouring forest of Wentworth, has been proved by Mr. Ormerod to be identical with Chepstow, was the head of Fitz-Osbern's barony of Hereford, and the existing keep, now in ruin, has been believed to be substantially his work. Mr. G. T. Clark, indeed, thinks that, in spite of its early Norman look, it may rather be the remains of a structure raised by Gilbert de Clare, a nephew of the founder of Tintern Abbey, who died in 1149, than of the castle of Fitz-Osbern, who was slain in 1070. That Fitz-Osbern built a fortress here may be inferred from Domesday ("Castellum de Estrighoel fecit Willielmus Comes"), though his structure must have been as flimsy as a nineteenth-century suburban villa if it required entire rebuilding within eighty years. However this may be, the alterations and additions made in the days of Henry III. and Edward I. give the most striking characteristics to the noble remains of the stronghold. Mr. Marsh makes no attempt to connect the distinctive walls and towers with the successive holders of the castle; but fortunately the architectural explanation of the fortress has been undertaken by Mr. G. T. Clark, who, in the *Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Transactions*, has furnished what is practically an excellent supplement to the present Annals. Mr. Marsh, indeed, finds enough to do in his biographical labours, which include the correction of the traditional errors of such different minds as Shakspeare and Dugdale, and of others in their confusion of historical characters and events. So many unsatisfactory experiments, for instance, have been made by genealogists to identify the several members of the Clare family that the descent of that house seems a matter rather of theory than of demonstration. Mr. Marsh has spared no pains in investigating the whole question, and has thrown light upon the pedigree, which even yet in some points remains obscure. His tables of descents, however, both of the Clares and of their successors in the earldom of Strigul, are altogether wanting in dates, which is a serious drawback to their usefulness. There is an ecclesiastical halo about the head of Walter Fitz-Richard de Clare from his having founded (A.D. 1131) the Cistercian abbey whose ruins add such romantic interest to the beauty of the Wye valley. But the religious value of Walter's foundation is somewhat impaired by the fact that the land on which the monastery is built was violently seized from the church of Llandaff. Indeed Mr. Marsh makes us believe that Walter Fitz-Richard was a mere martial adventurer, who marked out his land at the point of his sword, and that he was never by grant or succession lord of Strigul. His freedom with Church property brought on him excommunication from three successive Popes; but so much does the good rather than the evil a man does live after him that, while his deeds of rapine and bloodshed have perished from recollection, his pious act of founding Tintern has kept his memory as pleasant as the green foliage of the river valley where the splendid ruins of that monastery are situated.

Of the two Strongbows, Earls of Pembroke—the earliest of whom, Richard Fitz-Gilbert, nephew of Walter de Clare, was hardly less a scourge to West Wales, which he invaded and subdued in 1144, than was his son, the memorable Richard Strongbow, to Ireland—we find here many particulars carefully recounted. Of the latter it is here remarked, "His name has always been specially obnoxious to the Irish, who are ready to visit on the Ministers of Queen Victoria every wrong done by Strongbow." But it was one of their own chiefs, Dermot M'Murrough, who first invited the aid of Strongbow against his countrymen, promising his daughter Eva to him as wife if he would re-establish him on his throne of Leinster. We might almost think we are reading a

love-letter of Eva herself, so Arcadian is the language in which Dermot entreates the lingering arrival of one of the cruellest despots that Ireland has ever known. "We have watched the storks and swallows—the summer birds have come and are gone again with the southerly wind—but neither winds from the east nor from the west have brought your much desired and long looked for presence." He landed on the Irish coast on the 23rd of August, 1170, and on the 25th Waterford was taken and sacked, while by the light of the blazing city reflected on the altar and in the midst of the unburied dead, we are told he received the hand of his bride. From his daughter Isabel by this marriage the Marshalls derived their title of lords of Strigul and earls of Pembroke. William, the first earl, who in 1189 married the heiress of the second Strongbow, is a familiar acquaintance under the name of the Protector Pembroke, and it was hardly needful to recite once more the story of the conference at Runnymede, although Marshal was one of the sureties for the King's promise that he would satisfy the formidable barons. He was one of the twelve who never forsook the King, and Shakspeare's representation of him as a leader of the revolted barons who offered the English crown to the son of the King of France is unfair to his memory as a loyal knight, though the poet shows him to have been brought back to his allegiance by Count Melun's dying disclosure of the ultimate design of Louis to dispossess the barons when they had served his purpose, and to replace them with his own Frenchmen:—

Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold.  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;  
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take  
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's bury—  
Even on that altar, where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Perhaps the author of *King John* was thinking of William Marshal's eldest son, also named William, who, in opposition to his father, sided with the "four-and-twenty over kings," and attached his signature to Magna Charta. But unchartered freedom was still the order of the day, particularly among military adventurers who used their opportunities as though the chief end of men were to put an end to one another. Whilst William was fighting against De Lacy in Ireland, Llewellyn Prince of Wales seized two of his Welsh castles and beheaded the garrisons. Marshal hastening back to Wales recovered his fortresses, and slew the usurpers within the defences. In furtherance of his revenge he wasted the lands of Llewellyn with fire and sword; then, encountering the Welsh prince in a battle, he totally routed his army, of which the number of nine thousand were slain or taken prisoners. To the monks of Tintern he was a liberal benefactor, confirming the grants and privileges they had already acquired, and adding fresh lands and woods to their possessions. So deeply did his wife, at least, grieve for his death (1221), that she took a vow of chastity for "evermore," a synonym for the interval between the event she deplored and her marriage with Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Lying on the floor of the Temple Church in their monumental coats of mail, both father and son are familiar figures to many who may have forgotten both their piety and their prowess, the former among his good deeds having founded the Abbey of Tintern in Wexford.

The second William was not a more serious opponent to King John than was afterwards his brother Richard to Henry III. The Poitevin interlopers who had trooped over to the English Court in the retinue of Eleanor of Provence excited Pembroke's unrelenting hostility, not only upon public grounds, but because he had himself grievously suffered by their usurpation. Remonstrance with the King having failed, the Earl took up arms in defence of himself and the other English nobles, and thenceforward the story was one of a barons' war, in which Marshal was the conspicuous hero. His valorous deeds might bear comparison with some of the famous exploits of St. George or St. Denis, so marvellous is the recital. On one occasion, while he was reconnoitring with a hundred men in the neighbourhood of Monmouth Castle, which was held for the King by a distinguished Flemish knight named Baldwin de Gyness, the latter sallied out, with a thousand well-armed men, thinking to make capture of the whole party. A fierce conflict ensued of ten against one, which lasted through the day. In the end Baldwin, with twelve of his stoutest warriors, dashed upon Pembroke, designing to take him alive and carry him off to the castle. Marshal, sweeping his sword to the right and to the left, held them at bay, dyeing his weapon with their blood, and so for a long time he fought alone against thirteen assailants. His enemies not being able to come at him directed their lances against his horse, which they wounded till it fell beneath its rider. Marshal then seized one of the foremost of his foes by the foot, and suddenly drew him to the ground, then, leaping upon the fallen man's horse, he sharply renewed the fight. Baldwin, ashamed to see the Earl defend himself against such odds, flew upon him, and grasping his helmet by the tuft, twisted it with such violence that blood issued from his mouth and nostrils; then, snatching the horse's bridle, he began to drag him towards the castle, while the others forced him on from behind. Even thus enclosed Marshal whirled his sword desperately round and laid two of his captors low, but was unable to detach himself from the rest. At this crisis a cross-bowman of Marshal's company let fly an

arrow at Baldwin, which penetrated his armour and brought him to the ground, where he lay as if fatally wounded. This brought deliverance to Earl Richard, for his army by this time had discovered his danger and come to his assistance.

Strigul, which, so far as is ascertained, was not known as Chepstow till the first year of Edward II., passed by intermarriage from the Marshals to the family of Bigod, earls of Norfolk. To Hugh, the last of these earls, the existing fabric of Tintern owes its erection. This was begun on the old foundation in 1259, and the choir was ready for the first litany of the monks in 1287. The Abbey seems to have had little or no interest to the families of Plantagenet (De Brotherton), Manny, and Hastings, whose heads were successive lords of Strigul; but Sir Walter Manny, whose warlike deeds have been celebrated by Froissart, condoned his neglect of the Cistercian monks of the Wye by the foundation (A.D. 1371) of a house for the brethren of Chartreux, the Charterhouse, London, being a monument of his piety. The story of the families just named having been rehearsed, the Mowbrays and Herberts, the lineal inheritors of the Chepstow lordship, engage our annalist's attention. Very properly, he never neglects an opportunity of bringing in any references of Shakspeare to the persons of his history, and quaintly remarks that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who figures in the *dramatis personæ* of *Henry VI.*, Part III., and is introduced in Act IV. Sc. 1 to receive orders for the levy of troops, does not utter a single word in the whole drama, and on the stage is practically "a character of rather less importance than the Cock in *Hamlet*." The last gloss on the poet refers to Lord Herbert, Earl of Worcester, who "was succeeded in his office of Lord Chamberlain by Lord Sands, who, under that name, is one of the characters in the play of *Henry VIII.*, the action of which extends from the arrest of Buckingham in 1521 to the birth of Queen Elizabeth in 1533; and Shakspeare, without noticing, or perhaps to cover, the fact of Worcester's death between those dates, makes a character of the Lord Chamberlain "without giving him a name."

With the Somersets, of whom Charles married the heiress of the Herberts, the story of Chepstow Castle ends, the ducal family of Beaufort, who now hold the property, being his descendants. Charles Somerset was the illegitimate, but acknowledged, offspring of Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, beheaded by the victorious Yorkists, after the battle of Hexham, in 1463, and took a surname from his father's title. Among the lords of Chepstow must be reckoned the Protector Cromwell, who, through the generosity of the Parliament at the expense of the true owner, held the estate till his death, when it passed to his son. But from the Restoration until now the Somersets have enjoyed their own.

The book is handsomely printed on hand-made paper. Moreover, Sir John Maclean is a conscientious editor, and has furnished the work with a sufficient table of contents and a good index.

#### BRITISH HONDURAS.\*

"A RECORD of British enterprise," writes Mr. Gibbs, in the first paragraph of his book, "can never fail to prove interesting to British readers." Cheered by this assurance we began in good heart to read his *Historical and Descriptive Account of British Honduras*. For a while—a very brief while—we persuaded ourselves that we were interested. Before long, doubts began to steal over us—doubts which were soon followed by yawns. "Fie upon us!" we cried out, "are we not British—or, at all events, English? If we begin to nod, will not our patriotism, nay even our nationality, be suspected?" So we crushed our doubts, and were ready to take an oath that this is a most interesting record. It was all of no avail. Faith and patriotism had done their best, and could do no more. Either the general rule that Mr. Gibbs lays down is too wide, or his record is the one exception that proves it. At all events his book is uncommonly dull. It has no merit, and that a considerable one. It is short. He who wishes to set up as an authority on British Honduras can master the subject between breakfast and lunch. A very brief study of it would enable Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett next Session to add considerably to the terrors of question-time in the House of Commons. No doubt there is contained in it much information that would be found useful by any one who should think of settling in the colony. Mr. Gibbs, no doubt, is anxious to attract thither both settlers and capital, but he is a fair, if a heavy, writer. He does not overcolour the picture. He shows the drawbacks as well as the advantages of the place. If any should be led by him to try their fortunes there, they will not be able afterwards to turn round and reproach him with having raised before their eyes a second Eden in some dismal swamp. Unfortunately, he has very little skill in the writer's art. His book he wishes to serve two ends, which are incompatible. He writes at the same time both for those who do and for those who do not know the colony. He recounts petty incidents which no one but a "Bayman" can care two straws for—such incidents as are found in the guide-book to Broadstairs or Walton-on-the-Naze. We should indeed be sorry to think so poorly even of the "Baymen" as to believe that they can be interested in

much of his "Historical Account." Take as a specimen the following account of the year 1801:—

About this time, the Governor of Jamaica, Colonel Nugent, sent a Captain Corbett to Honduras to report upon its capabilities. He remained some time, and ascended both the Belize and Sibun Rivers. His report if he made any, has not seen the light, nor produced any visible result.

Could conscientious dulness go further than this? We know nothing of Colonel Nugent except that he sent Captain Corbett to Honduras to make a report. We know nothing of Captain Corbett except that he was sent by Colonel Nugent. As for his report, no one knows whether it was so much as made. At all events, nothing has resulted from it but this one paragraph in Mr. Gibbs's book. As under our author's guidance we go—we cannot say spin—with the Honduras world "down the ringing grooves of change," we learn that in 1806 "intercourse of an amicable character appears at this time to have been carried on between the authorities of Belize and Merida (Yucatan) by means of Indian couriers." This is not all; for, according to a certain Captain Henderson, it would also appear that "the then Captain-General of Yucatan was a generally esteemed, amiable Spanish gentleman." Of this Captain-General nothing more seems to be known than that he appeared to Captain Henderson to be generally esteemed and amiable. Of Captain Henderson we know a little more, for he wrote a short account in which he stated how generally esteemed and amiable this Captain-General appeared to him. The history of the year 1813 is a model of brevity. In the previous year a church had been built, churchwardens appointed, and an endowment established for both priest and clerk. Our historian thus continues:—"1813. It is singular that this pious work was hardly completed when, next year, another terrible hurricane visited the settlement." In the years 1827–8 the singularity was reversed, for of that period we are briefly told:—"St. George's Caye submerged by a tidal wave during a hurricane. The Rev. Mr. Newport arrived as settlement-chaplain." Here the hurricane came first and the chaplain afterwards. "1842," we read, "begins with a second visitation by the diocesan, when it was mooted to have a second clergyman for the settlement, and to build a chapel-of-ease to St. John's Church." So far as we can ascertain, these Church proceedings were neither preceded nor followed by any violent disturbances in the weather. Neither did hurricane or tidal wave burst on the coast in the year 1850, when "the Baptist persuasion built their second meeting-house."

Dull as is this parochial history, if we may so call it, no less dull is that part of the work in which our author narrates the ancient history of Honduras. He begins even earlier than the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. He tells us that one of the Indian tribes claims descent from the Israelites. The ignorance shown in such an absurd statement as this is scarcely matched by the blunder that he makes when he says that European languages are derived from Sanskrit. But even if all his history were so much gospel, who can care to know that Nimaquiché was the first and Sequichul the last of a dynasty of seventeen kings who ruled over the Toltecs, and that "in the reign of Balam-Acan, the King of the Zutugils Zutugilepob abducted from the royal palace of Utatlan, Ixcosocil, the daughter of Balam-Acan of Quiché, his friend"? In the name of Balam-Acan, by the way, an historian of the good old school would find confirmatory evidence of the descent of these Indians from the Israelites; for in the Bible do we not read of both a Balaam and an Achan? How far our author is correct in the history of King Zutugilepob we are unable even to form a conjecture. Where we can check him, however, we do not find him always so accurate as we could wish. Thus he states that during the first decade of the present century the Spaniards did not attack the English in Honduras. He continues, "It was hardly to be looked for, while Wellington was at the head of combined forces of Englishmen and Spaniards, driving the French out of the Peninsula, that the Spanish colonists should renew their attempts." Does he not know that the Battle of Trafalgar was fought in 1805; or does he think that the Spanish ships were on our side in that fight? Let him see the date in which Sir Arthur Wellesley landed in Portugal, and find some other reason for this cessation of hostilities. The Earl of Sandwich he changes into Earl Sandwich, and by a second curious blunder he calls a ship that Nelson commanded the *Henchinbrack*. Had he known his Pepys, a moment's reflection would have made him see that the ship must have been named, as indeed it was, the *Hinchinbroke*, after the Earl's country seat.

The pompous style in which the book is written adds to its dullness. In one passage we are told how "the adventurous sons of Albion roamed the Caribbean"; in another, how we "threw theegis of our protection over him [the King of the Mosquito Shore] and his realm." The natives, we read, "deprived of spectacular amusements, elect the police-court as their house of the drama, and bring each other up before his worship on the slightest provocation." Perhaps the author thinks that the smallness of his subject requires a certain bigness of style to ensure its being noticed; just as in one of the old-fashioned pulpits a little preacher had to be mounted upon a couple of footstools so that his head might be seen by his congregation. For in truth, in spite of its Lieutenant-Governor, its Colonial Secretary, its Colonial Treasurer, and its Chief Justice, British Honduras is but a petty place. Its total population is by many thousands less than that of Reading, while its whites might all be comfortably seated in a single one of the trains that every morning bring business men from Enfield or from Hampstead to the City. According to

\* *British Honduras; an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Colony from its Settlement, 1670.* By Archibald Robertson Gibbs, Esq. Compiled from Original and Authentic Sources. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.



Mr. Gibbs, the country contains four million acres, "four-fifths of which consists of rich arable lands laid down in virgin alluvial soil." Yet, with so rich a soil, there is but one inhabitant to every 145 acres. Why it should be so scantily peopled is not apparent. The climate, we are assured, is not unhealthy, neither is the heat excessive. There is an abundance of streams, and there are beautiful uplands that are in places as much as 4,000 feet above the sea. There is no record of any earthquake that has done any harm; and, though hurricanes on two occasions seem to have been in a singular way connected with the appointment of parsons, yet "they are few and far between." The soil is well adapted for a great variety of plants. Mahogany and logwood have long formed the staple trade, but most of the products of tropical climates seem capable of being cultivated with success. The public debt, which at no time was considerable, has been almost paid off. There are certainly drawbacks to this pleasant picture. In the rivers huge alligators abound, while many kinds of deadly serpents infest the woods. The mosquitoes are a great nuisance, and during certain winds there are swarms of sandflies which render existence intolerable. Slavery, though it existed in a much less evil form than in most parts, has yet left its taint:—

The heaven of slavery times in the relations of the sexes will probably never be eliminated. Drunkenness is very prevalent, and crimes of violence common. In other crimes the colony contrasts favourably with most communities comparable with it. Little attempt has been made to elevate morals, extend education, or introduce refinement. The inhabitants are as conservative in their bad social, as they were formerly in their excellent political, "usages and customs."

In another passage our author tells us that "intellectual culture is almost unknown, and education of the primary sort even in a backward condition." The white population, small as it is, is a constantly shifting one; as "few but look upon the country as a resting, not an abiding place, one from which they hope eventually to return enriched to their native soil." Mr. Gibbs makes some suggestions by which the colony may be improved. Undoubtedly he indicates great evils; the greatest of all, perhaps, is to be found in the bad system under which the labourers are hired. But it is easier to point out an evil than to suggest a remedy or to work a cure. Nevertheless, much that he says gives good grounds for hoping that better days may come on this old settlement of ours. Let us hope that capital and labour may slowly but surely find their way to British Honduras, and that, as each decade comes round with its census, it may be found that more and more carriages would have to be added to the train that should contain the whole white population of the colony. If our author's advice should be followed, who knows but that by the end of this century even one train and one engine would no longer suffice?

#### BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.\*

MR. CHRISTIE MURRAY is a kindly satirist who evidently delights in the analysis of character, and who deals shrewdly but gently with the frailties of our nature. As a story, *By the Gate of the Sea* is of the slightest; there is next to no plot, there is very little incident, and yet we could have wished that the book had been longer. For not only are there sundry persons in it who amuse and interest us, but the pages are perpetually brightened by quaintly humorous touches. Often in describing some character or something that is commonplace enough, a droll fancy seems to strike the author, and forthwith he gives us the benefit of it. Consequently there is a spontaneity in his pen which is extremely fascinating. And, indeed, we need something of the kind to relieve the seriousness of a tale which would otherwise be depressing, for Mr. Murray has written a melancholy story, and the *dénouement* is dismal. An ordinary novelist would have had a capital opportunity for letting down the curtain in a blaze of light by bringing a wretched misunderstanding to a happy end. To Mr. Murray it seemed fit to order things differently, nor can we doubt that his decision is more in harmony with actualities and the laws that govern the affairs of life.

Had we met the hero when he made his first appearance as a subaltern at a cavalry mess, we should have felt that, in his almost morbid sensitiveness, he was predestined to failures and disappointments. Characteristically, in describing the eccentricity of his behaviour the author lets it speak for itself, leaving it to the discrimination of the reader to distribute the praise or the blame. We must own that Tregarthen has a noble nature, but we cannot help seeing that he is dreamy and most impracticable. Morally he is in the right in the quarrel with his colonel; and, had their positions been reversed, the language in which he rebuked the licentious speech of that veteran warrior might have been scarcely out of place even at the dinner-table. Practically, in his rebuke the cornet carried indiscretion to extravagance, and almost provoked the pains and penalties of a court-martial. His comrades, though not a few of them might have inwardly sympathized with his feelings, necessarily shrank from a man who showed so very little *savoir vivre*. Tregarthen leaves the army under a cloud; for his irritated colonel has the ear of society and tells an ugly story in his own way. After all, his offence was almost more than an indiscretion, for he had hotly undertaken the defence of an actress whose looks and acting in the

part of Rosalind had fascinated him, but of whose character and antecedents he knew absolutely nothing. But if his chivalrous outbreak was misplaced and ill-timed, he has every opportunity to repent it at leisure. Leaving the army he withdraws to his ancestral home, situated romantically on a rocky island off the Cornish coast. He lives with his books and the rough fisherfolk, betakes himself to a search after the philosopher's stone, and naturally is in a fair way to become a confirmed misanthrope, when a chance meeting, reviving a half-forgotten memory, brings him back to the world he had well-nigh quitted. By an accident he makes the acquaintance of a young lady who reminds him in voice and manner of the actress who had unconsciously exercised so potent an influence on his destinies. He contrives to meet her again and again, makes love to her, and marries in due course. In the description of the courtship, by the way, we have one of the author's happy touches, which, though slight in themselves, express much very pleasantly. He introduces us to a little sister of the young lady's—"a sensible child, old enough to play propriety, and—which was perhaps of more importance—old enough to know when she was not wanted. Any wandering butterfly was reason enough for a race which at least took this sensible child round a corner of the lane in which her elders strolled." The author perhaps overdraws on our credulity when he informs us that Mr. Tregarthen married this Miss Farmer, whom he only knows as a clergyman's daughter with a snug little fortune, without identifying her with the memorable actress of his past. And he likewise condescends to fall back upon the rather hackneyed idea of making grave misunderstandings arise out of a foolish piece of concealment. A casual remark of Tregarthen's silences on Miss Farmer's very lips the confession of her having trod the boards of a theatre, with an explanation of the circumstances that sent her on them. All this, however, is of the less importance because the plot, as we have said, is subordinated to the play of character; and the foolish misunderstanding serves its purpose of separating a pair of loving hearts and throwing the fond young wife upon her own resources. She has met a man who had known her on the stage. Her husband, overhearing their conversation, learns that she has kept the important secret from him. In the baseless belief that he can never forgive her, she takes hurriedly to flight, and seeks refuge in London. Of course Tregarthen might easily have followed her up by the aid of tips and telegrams and intelligent detective officers. And so far as the secret she had kept from him is concerned, doubtless he would have done so, although sorely pained at first by the discovery of her want of confidence. But the calumnies carelessly uttered by the colonel at the mess-table begin to work—the calumnies which he had contradicted from impulse rather than knowledge. He fancies that the woman he had loved so dearly would never have left him had she not been conscious of faults that were really unpardonable, and so he makes up his mind that he must let her go, and morbidly falls back upon misanthropy and alchemy.

Tregarthen in the solitude of his island home is necessarily dull and somewhat conventional besides. With his fugitive wife in London the case is very different; her personal adventures are singularly pathetic, and she is brought in contact with some of Mr. Murray's most effective creations. To add to her anxieties, though it helps to console her as well, a baby is born to her in her London lodgings; and the author describes with much sympathy and tenderness the sore struggles between pride and poverty as she carries her cherished trinkets to the pawnbroker, and her sufferings when, slowly sinking from stage to stage, she is brought to the very brink of destitution. He paints with no ordinary power and pathos those other struggles that are still more severe, when she is tempted by the brilliant offers of an old acquaintance and theatrical manager. That a "Rosalind" who had merely figured on provincial boards for a few months should seem worth so much trouble and money to a long-headed speculator is highly improbable, to say the least of it. That results should amply justify his liberal offers is even more unlikely. But Mr. Murray seldom hesitates over probabilities when he is preparing the way for strong situations. Mrs. Tregarthen detests the idea of going back to the theatre, because it was her husband's dislike to women appearing in public which had been the cause of her grief and their sad separation. But "the sensible child" and the baby are starving; and Lorrimer, the manager, offers her not only bread, but luxury. For the sake of the helpless beings dependent upon her, she has scarcely the right to refuse; and although her husband's opinion can never be indifferent to her, it is unfortunately too late to change it to any purpose. She goes upon the stage again, and passes from success to success; but her most brilliant triumphs are blended with gall and bitterness. She has so much of the born artist in her nature that she brightens up under the inspiration of her part; but she invariably suffers from the remorseful reaction; and perhaps among all the women best known to the public, the favourite actress is the least to be envied. As for Mr. Lorrimer, the dashing impresario, fresh in every point of view, he is admirable in his relations with Mrs. Tregarthen. He has thrown himself heart and soul into his profession; affection has become a second nature with him; and he is an actor from the crown of his hat to the soles of his boots. Even in everyday affairs he is perpetually playing some part, from the affectionate family friend to the benevolent patriarch. He really has an excellent heart, and is much touched by the fate of Mrs. Tregarthen and by her distress. But he is determined to bring her back again on the boards upon any terms; he cannot endure that such a treasure should be lost to the public; he cannot bear that her stupidly sentimental

\* *By the Gate of the Sea*. By David Christie Murray, Author of "Joseph's Coat" &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

scruples should cause a possible fortune to slip through his fingers. The old calumnies have clung to Tregarthen, and Lorrimer, on making inquiry, hears an exceedingly evil report of him. The story goes that he is dead, having previously extracted on his death-bed the promise that binds his widow. And Mr. Lorrimer's mingled feelings of pity, sympathy, and irritation find expression in a manner that is highly suggestive of his character. His informant remarks of the imaginary defunct:—

"Well-connected fellow—I believe he's the last of one of the oldest families in Cornwall—but an awful blackguard, so I'm told."

"Well, upon my word," said Lorrimer, "that's a pretty sort of cove to forbid his wife with his dying breath to go upon the stage."

Coming charitably to the help of Mrs. Tregarthen in real compassion, while diplomatically intriguing to enrich her in spite of herself, Lorrimer hurries off in search of jellies and other delicacies. He purchases sweet-smelling flowers as well, which he thinks will be appropriate "properties" in the sick-room; when of a sudden a brilliant idea strikes him—he rushes into a shop and buys a coral for the baby. "That ought to touch a mother's heart," he said, surveying it admiringly. "Real coral, real silver bells, and the finest indiarubber to be had for love or money." And the thought of that masterpiece of Machiavellian diplomacy gives him almost as heartfelt satisfaction as his final success in vanquishing the lady's scruples, which succumb to the coral and more pressing considerations. Another capital figure is Mr. Ronald Marsh, though perhaps he is somewhat too obviously copied from certain notorious aesthete and poetaster of our own days. Mr. Marsh was a man who "made no pretence, though he knew himself a sun of the first magnitude, to shine upon the vulgar." He is as eccentric in his manner and costume as he is transcendental in his theories and verses, but he shows so much capacity for more rational things that he submits with tolerable grace to be chaffed in a select club or circle of literary and artistic comrades. And, finally, he lays to heart some of the teachings of necessity and experience; he condescends to a style of composition which suits the public and enables him to earn bread and butter; he casts his brigand-like hat and his bravo-like cloak after overhearing the frank criticism of an ostler; and he resigns himself to being a respectable member of society, as he had always, like Mr. Manager Lorrimer, been a good fellow at heart. Altogether, Mr. Murray's slight novels are so clever that we wish he would give us something more serious.

#### THE COUNT OF PARIS ON THE AMERICAN CAMPAIGNS OF 1863.\*

THE third volume of the Count of Paris's *History of the American Civil War* embraces the events of the critical year 1863—the campaigns of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson, the minor operations upon the sea-coast, the movements of the contending armies after the retirement of Lee from Pennsylvania, and the fatal blow which paralysed the Confederate defence in the West. The story is told with clearness, vigour, and candour, if not with impartiality. The personal bias which was manifest in the narrative of McClellan's operations, due to a very natural wish to vindicate his chief's reputation, sometimes at the expense of the Confederate generals, but more often at that of the Northern Government, no longer actuates the narrator. On the other hand, he is no longer guided by that personal experience, that intimate acquaintance with the operations, the men who conducted them, and the ground on which they took place, which gave peculiar interest and lucidity to the account of the previous campaign. The rendering is now and then defective; the use of the present tense, appropriate or licensed by usage in French, appears affected and absurd in English; but, on the whole, the style of the authorized translation is not unworthy of the original. In one point only the author displays a bias which leads him into implied, if not explicit, inaccuracy, and might greatly mislead his readers. He speaks more than once of particular acts of forbearance, observance of the usages of civilized war, in terms which distinctly convey the idea that such was the usual practice of the Federal armies; that the outrage and havoc, the destruction of public archives, colleges, and defenceless homes, the systematic and wanton devastation ascribed to Sherman, Sheridan, Hunter, and many of their colleagues, are unreal or exaggerated. The truth—and the Count of Paris can hardly help knowing it—is, that the savage and wanton destruction, the cruelty and oppression inflicted by the invaders, has no parallel in civilized war later than that devastation of the Palatinate which brought such deep disgrace on Louis XIV. and Louvois.

The campaign of Chancellorsville possesses a peculiar military interest, and is described, on the whole, with exceptional lucidity. Unfortunately the present volume contains no maps of Northern Virginia, no such detailed and minute plan of the ground covered by the contending armies during the critical week, as is needed to enable the reader to follow the narrative. The movements were exceedingly complicated, the character of the ground affected at every step the course of the manoeuvres, and to understand them without a map on the largest scale becomes exceedingly difficult. Both Generals violated in the most daring manner some of the elementary rules of warfare; the one justified in his own opinion by an enormous superiority of numbers, the other by the nature of

the country, the superior quality of his troops, and the brilliant success of his audacious manoeuvres. Raised to the command on the removal or resignation of Burnside after the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, Hooker left in front of the Confederate lines somewhat less than one-third of his force, and with 75,000 or 80,000 men moved by his right, intending to outflank the Confederate army, and cut it off from Richmond, if not from every possible line of retreat. Lee, with less than 60,000 men, in front of an army of double strength, left a small force to occupy, or rather perhaps to maintain the appearance of occupying, the entrenchments on the Rappahannock, and with fewer than 45,000 men moved by his left to confront the main body of the enemy. Both Generals, then, divided their forces in the enemy's presence; but Hooker had this excuse, that the smaller part of his army was numerically strong enough to hold the Confederates in check, while the main body ought, if properly handled, and if not very greatly inferior in quality, to have crushed their whole force, wherever it might be encountered. The dense forests around Chancellorsville concealed from either chief the movements of the hostile army; but Lee divined, and Hooker failed altogether to discover, the intentions of his antagonist. The Federal commander lost the advantage of the offensive, and forfeited in part that of superior numbers, by drawing back within the forest, where his troops were crowded, and at the same time hindered from prompt co-operation. Lee, with a sublime audacity fully justified by the event, confronted 75,000 men with fewer than 15,000, and despatched the rest of his force under Jackson on a long flank march to turn the Federal right. To follow the development of this manoeuvre and the combats that ensued without a map is impossible; to criticize or even to understand their bearing would tax the professional skill of a practised soldier. The result was the total defeat and demoralization of the Federal army. Each side sustained a personal loss which might of itself have turned the scale. Jackson was shot by his own men in the confusion and excitement of a night advance through a dense wood in the immediate presence of the enemy. Hooker was stunned by a shot which destroyed his hut, and, according to the author, remained for some twenty-four hours practically incapable, but failed to transfer his command; and neither his Chief of the Staff nor the senior general under him presumed to take his place and issue the necessary orders. Stuart, promptly summoned by the wounded Confederate leader, took charge of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, pressed home the attack, and, recovering contact with Lee, hurled the enemy back in utter confusion. The removal of Hooker was a gain to the Federal service; the loss of Jackson was, with a single exception, perhaps the heaviest that could have befallen the Confederacy.

The movements that brought about the battle of Gettysburg; the repulse of the Confederates by a superior army posted in a very strong position; the unmolested retreat, which testified to the impression they had made; the awe with which the General and his soldiery were regarded by the victorious enemy, are familiar to most of those who remember anything of the history of the war. Two points are made plain in the course of the Count's narrative. On both sides the cavalry were liable to fail in their primary duty—that of keeping touch of the enemy and acquainting the Commander-in-Chief with his position and movements. Many writers ascribe to this and to the misconception of orders which separated Stuart from the main Confederate army the failure at Gettysburg. Secondly, the great moral superiority of the Virginian army is evident at every turn. It did not need the retirement of several Federal brigades in the very midst of the fighting, on the plea that their term of service had expired, to enforce upon the thoughtful reader the immense difference in loyalty, in discipline, in enthusiasm for their cause, between the contending armies. A brief summary of facts, a comparison of numbers and resources, would do far greater justice to the heroism of the weaker party than the full and elaborate narrative before us. In the details of complicated operations, in the repeated enumeration of the strength of particular armies, the general disproportion of means and available force is hardly realized. This point is of peculiar importance to the right understanding of the critical operations on the Mississippi.

General Joseph Johnstone held a nominal command over the Confederate armies in the West; but the distrust of the President deprived him of all control over the two main forces in that quarter, commanded by Bragg and Pemberton. Nor was he allowed to draw reinforcements from an army of some fifty thousand men which lay inactive in Arkansas. He perceived, but was forbidden to correct, the error which had rendered Vicksburg not a fortress but an entrenched camp; was compelled to let Pemberton shut up more than thirty thousand men therein; was deprived of all means of waging an effective war of defence under the most favourable opportunities, while Grant was struggling to reach the point at which the investment of the fortresses became feasible; and this error, for which President Davis is chiefly or solely responsible, was fatal to the Confederate cause. The resources, the numbers, the naval and military means, the engineering strength placed at the command of Grant were overwhelming; and to him alone among its commanders the Federal Government lent a support full, constant, and unsparing, which even defeats and blunders failed to shake. Wasting in futile and sometimes seemingly absurd attempts fully half of the enormous means placed at his disposal, General Grant had nevertheless a remaining strength three or four times greater than that of the entire Confederate force opposed to him, and that absolute control which was denied to his only competent antagonist. He displayed

\* *History of the Civil War in America.* By the Comte de Paris. Vol. III. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. London: Sampson Low & Co.



for a while the same rashness, the same costly obstinacy and recklessness of human life, which distinguished his first attempts in Virginia. His first two assaults on Vicksburg, his futile engineering enterprises were strictly parallel to his stubborn attempt to "fight it out" on the wrong "line" in 1864; an attempt which cost some sixty thousand lives, to no other purpose than the weakening of Lee's army by about one-third of that number.

But when once the Confederate forces were shut up in Vicksburg and Port Hudson, when once the Federal flotilla had proved its power to pass the batteries, the issue could not be doubtful. There was no force which could possibly come to the relief of the beleaguered fortresses, and their fall, therefore, was merely a question of time. Their fall carried with it the loss of the Mississippi; and the loss of the Mississippi involved the doom of the Confederacy. On the very day when Lee was retiring from Gettysburg unmolested, Vicksburg surrendered. From that moment the Confederacy was in the position of Napoleon during the campaign of 1815; on every side, by sea, land, and river, the enemy possessed an unassailable base, from which it could throw unlimited forces upon any point of the Confederate defence; and the navigable rivers of the South afforded means of penetrating the interior in the rear of the defending armies, cutting their communications and destroying their supplies; while there remained behind the lines no white population of military age capable of resisting even single gunboats or flying columns of mounted infantry. That, under such circumstances, the war should have been prolonged for more than eighteen months, that more than a year after the fall of Vicksburg the North was despondent and almost despairing, reflects infinite credit on the endurance of the Southern armies and people, the skill of their Generals and Government.

The narrative of the campaign of Vicksburg, the clear and forcible description of the intricate network of *bayous* (or outlets from the main channel of the Mississippi), swamps, and forests which the invaders had to traverse, and which a General like Johnstone, at the head of 50,000 men, could have defended almost indefinitely, is profoundly interesting, if somewhat difficult to follow. Both the text and the maps explain with admirable clearness the special importance of the two last positions held by the Confederates upon the Mississippi. The western shore and the greater part of the eastern were low, swampy, and nearly on a level with the water. From Vicksburg to Port Hudson stretches a line of bluffs, or low precipitous hills, the frontier of a plateau intersected by ravines. The Federal gunboats had proved from the first that even strong fortifications like those to which the defence of New Orleans was entrusted, placed *à fleur d'eau*, were powerless against the tremendous artillery and rapid movement of their assailants. When once the mouth of the Mississippi was forced, its lower and upper course alike were at the mercy of those who commanded the stream. Against the batteries placed upon the higher grounds, as at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, the ships in their turn were helpless. For a long time they were afraid to attempt the passage; and while the Confederates controlled the stream between the two fortresses above mentioned, they were able to build within tributary streams or bayous, inaccessible to the enemy, vessels which, however rudely constructed, bore their part bravely against superior strength and numbers, as well as superior weight of cannon. The fortifications on the high ground, as at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, could only be assailed by land and from the rear, however much the gunboats might assist the operations of siege or assault. The Federal Government evidently understood at the beginning of 1863 the lesson which Grant had laboured to teach them—that the issue depended upon the command of the Mississippi, and this upon the control of the Vicksburg plateau. The Federal commanders in Virginia often complained of inadequate support, and found their plans marred by Lincoln's fears for Washington. But Grant's demands for men and means, however exorbitant, were satisfied to the uttermost; and after July 4th, 1863, the Federal Government reaped the reward of its foresight, or of its loyal confidence in the foresight and ultimate success, of its ablest military adviser.

#### RELIGION IN INDIA.\*

THIS book contains eleven distinct essays by an accomplished and thoughtful Indian civilian, all bearing upon the various questions concerning the religions now existing in India—since even the single paper which has for its subject the religious condition of China is chiefly valuable in this place for the analogies it shows with India. They are partly speculative, discussing the origin and the principles underlying the various religious ideas and usages, and partly practical and political, considering the present position of Indian religions and sects, and the proper duties and policy of England towards them. On the former field they come into contact with the views of Professor Max Müller and the comparative mythologists generally; on the latter they deal with practical questions of the day, on which our Indian Legislature has constantly to adopt definite principles of action. The combination of the two, which is possible only to one with Indian experience like Sir A. C. Lyall's, gives its chief value to the book, which supplies an admirable corrective to views entertained by the too exclusively philosophical writers and the too purely political administrators

\* *Asiatic Studies, Religious and Social.* By Sir Alfred C. Lyall, K.C.B., C.I.E. London: John Murray.

respectively. The value of the book is expressed, with excessive modesty, by the author in the following words of the preface:—"The present small volume may possibly add something to the English store of information derived from Eastern experiences; it may aid towards the exact appreciation of Indian life and thought, and to a knowledge, through India, of Asia; and it may perhaps contribute materials of some special use to those who are engaged in the comparative study of religious and social phenomena generally."

"On the Origin of Divine Myths in India," Sir A. C. Lyall has much to report, based on personal observation of the present working of similar tendencies, which shows the modern school of comparative mythologists who find nature-myths everywhere to be by no means entitled to exclusive occupation of the field. Whereas Professor Max Müller says of the Hindus, "Their gods have no more right to any substantive existence than Eos or Hespera, than Nyx or Apaté; they are . . . names without beings, not beings without names," our author contends that in India

It is certain that the popular polytheism of the present day is constantly growing up and developing out of the worship of holy or famous men who have actually existed. . . . The Indians worship everything created, but above all things men and women; and any one can notice that nothing impresses the primitive or the uncultivated mind like human personality or character. Nature-worship itself, in its most striking form, is only maintained among the crowd by anthropomorphism, while the actuality and sympathetic attraction of a real known person gives him the immense advantage of local popularity.

And again, in Berar:—

It would seem that the honours which are at first paid to all departed spirits come gradually to be concentrated, as divine honours, upon the Manes of notables; probably the reasoning is that they must continue influential in the spirit-world. . . . But in India, whatever be the original reason for venerating a deceased man, his upward course towards deification is the same. At first we have the grave of one whose name, birthplace, and parentage are well known in the district; if he died at home, his family often set up a shrine, instal themselves in possession, and realize a handsome income out of the offerings; they become hereditary keepers of the sanctuary, if the shrine prospers and its virtues stand test. Or if the man wandered abroad, settled near some village or sacred spot, became renowned for his austerity or his afflictions, and there died, the neighbours think it great luck to have the tomb of a holy man within their borders, and the landowners administer the shrine by manorial right. In the course of a very few years, as the recollection of the man's personality becomes misty, his origin grows mysterious, his career takes a legendary hue, his birth and death were both supernatural; in the next generation the names of the elder gods get introduced into the story, and so the marvellous tradition works itself into a myth, until nothing but a personal incarnation can account for such a series of prodigies. The man was an *Avatar* of Vishnu or Siva; his supreme apotheosis is now complete, and the Brahmans feel warranted in providing for him a niche in the orthodox Pantheon. . . . Four of the most popular gods in Berar, whose images and temples are famous in the Dehkan, are *Kandoba*, *Vittoba*, *Beiroba*, and *Balaji*. These are now grand incarnations of the Supreme Triad; yet, by examining the legends of their embodiment and appearance upon earth, we obtain fair ground for surmising that all of them must have been notable living men not so very long ago.

This is startling to the friends of the nature-myth. Is it, after all, only fellow-men who are the object of worship to men in a state of nature? and was it only a magnificent dream that the drama of the Sun's birth, growth, decline, and decrease arrested their wondering attention and formed their first religion? The rejection of the latter theory is by no means demanded by the acceptance of the former. Indeed, if the least advanced tribes of the present day may be taken as approximately representative of him, the brain of the primitive man must have been in a puzzled state, given to pay a kind of worship to any or every thing that he could not understand, that surprised him by its peculiarity of form (as curiously shaped stones), by motion and noise (as a torrent), by terrible hostile power (wild beasts), by usefulness to himself (as his tools); and open to impressions on the imagination from the spirits of deceased persons, leading to the more spiritual forms of worship—that paid to deceased ancestors, to persons celebrated in their life for great power of character, whether for good or evil, to vaguer sorts of spirits, and so forth. That alongside of these multiform origins of worship the phenomena of the natural day and the seasons should not find a place would indeed be hardly credible; and so we need be in no fear for the soundness of the "nature-myth" theory in principle, though it be proved abundantly that it explains only one, and that not the largest, class of ideas that made up that curious conglomerate, the religion of the primitive man. Sir A. C. Lyall seems to be rather unnecessarily fearful of the too universal application of the principle of the nature-myth or solar-myth. We do not apprehend that Professor Max Müller, who has most distinctly formulated it, would be inclined to push it into regions which it cannot fairly claim; and if some excess on this side may have been committed by writers like Sir George Cox and Goldziher, there are moderate writers on prehistoric man not wedded to a theory, such as Dr. E. B. Tylor and Sir John Lubbock, whose views are mainly in accordance with his own. One of the profoundest and most important questions in the history of religion we would recommend to the notice of Sir A. C. Lyall as the subject for a future essay which he might write most adequately. Does the distinction between the lower superstitions (animism) and the nature-myths which give us the great gods of heaven correspond to different stages of development in the same race, or in any degree to a difference of race? The lower superstitions would seem in India to belong especially to the non-Aryan tribes, and similar ideas are met with elsewhere most abundantly in the most primitive and savage peoples; and,

conversely, the worship of the sun and the great powers of nature is characteristic of the Aryan race in the Himalaya, in India, Persia, and among its European descendants. Was this always so? If so, then the frequent instances of animistic superstition among Aryans must be due to borrowing by the ignorant or degraded in the higher race. We are inclined to infer from Sir A. C. Lyall's prevailing tone on these subjects that he would not admit the possibility of allotting two forms of primitive religion to two distinct races in this manner, but would regard the ultimate spring of religion as one which is common to humanity everywhere—a vague feeling of surprise or fear. But this feeling must become more definite as mankind advances in intelligence and follows one of two possible courses; it either looks boldly upwards at the beautiful and the beneficent forces, so that the fear becomes veneration, or it timidly looks down at the many seen or fanciful dangers that beset our race, and the fear becomes a desire to bribe unknown and baleful powers not to destroy us, and in general rather to keep on good terms with devils than to secure the aid of gods. At this stage the nobler and the meaner races obviously part company, and the former adopt a religion full of veneration for the beautiful and good, while the latter grovel in superstitious horror at the dangerous and bad.

We advance beyond these speculations concerning early religions in the instructive chapter on the "Influence upon Religion of a Rise in Morality." Here the essential difference between the modern European and the Indian principles is well and tersely expressed:—

In Europe morality can, on the whole, dictate terms to theology; and though both sides still equally dread an open quarrel, yet theology has most to fear from a dissolution of partnership. In Asia theology is still the senior partner with all the capital and credit, and can dictate terms to morality, being for the most part independent of any necessary connexion with it; for Asiatic theology transacts with the gods all matters touching the material interests of humanity, and in this very speculative business, as in many others, morality is by no means essential.

Still, morality (as well as general intelligence and science) does advance in India as elsewhere, though it has to obtain the sanction of religion, "which adopts and authorizes useful and progressive ideas as soon as they become popular"; and the religion itself is by nature, and becomes by this constant pressure upon it still more, elastic and accommodating, so that the supreme authority of the gods becomes the only tenet which it refuses to part with, and

Discoveries of social utility are brought out as revelations from on high, and necessary changes in the way of life, for good or for bad, are shown to be distinctly ordained; while, as all the credit is given to theology, it is easy to see what enormous influence that science continues, so long as its position is unchallenged, to accumulate. . . . The moral and material progress of a country goes on pushing before it the religious beliefs, and shaping them to suit it on exigencies; whilst theology slowly and reluctantly repeals and disowns the rules which become obsolete, or which are found to have been issued under some very inconvenient and undeniable error of fact. Morality is not yet essential to religion, but if an inspired command turns out to be a blunder as well as a crime, it is short-lived, and will soon be amended by a fresh ruling.

This course is, after all, not very different from that observed in the history of European civilization and religion, in which ideas once treated as inspired have had to succumb to the experience of history, the logic of facts, and the advance of physical science or of morality. Native Indian dynasties, even when founded by modern conquest, claim the support of religion by pretended descent from ancient gods; and only the greatest Power of all, the British, dispenses with this fictitious religious sanction, and rests solely on a secular basis, which, as the expression of simple truth, ought to ensure to it an abiding existence beyond the term of the pretended descendants of ancient gods.

Passing over a chapter full of curious matter, which it is not easy to epitomize, on "Witchcraft and Non-Christian Religions," we come to the question of "Missionary and Non-Missionary Religions"—a classification adopted by Professor Max Müller in a lecture in Westminster Abbey, under which Brahmanism was treated as non-missionary, and therefore as dying or dead—for "when a religion has ceased to produce champions, prophets, and martyrs, it has ceased to live in the true sense of the word." Against this treatment of Brahmanism Sir A. C. Lyall enters a protest. He asserts that it does still live, and is propagated faster than any other religion in India; first, by the wholesale Brahmanizing of the aboriginal non-Aryan tribes, which, as they rise in the social scale, naturally adopt the manners and religion of the castes above them, including Brahmanic rules of eating, marriage, and caste; secondly, by the foundation of new sects by devotees, which attract great numbers of nomads and aborigines, and are generally ultimately merged in ordinary Brahmanism; and, thirdly, through the belief in miraculous agencies which somehow are found to be constantly forthcoming when required. Thus Brahmanism is still alive and increasing, and likely to live on for some generations or (as we should prefer to say) for some centuries yet. It is only fair to Professor Max Müller to notice that Sir A. C. Lyall does not exactly meet him on his own ground. The former speaks of "missionary" religions—i.e. such as send out agents with the avowed object of pressing outsiders into their service; Sir A. C. Lyall nowhere says that the Hindus expend labour on this work, but uses the term "proselytize," rather improperly, of passively receiving into the Brahmanic communion those who are brought in by causes beyond the Hindus' control. Still, Professor Max Müller's classification must be admitted not to be worth much when it is set up to serve as basis for a deduction concerning the power of life in religions, which deductions are manifestly at variance with the fact. It is one of those plausible generalizations

which with some people stand in the place of scientific first principles.

The chapter on the Rajpūt States of India dispels some delusions about the formation of Indian native States, showing that such States are in no sense nationalities, but rather fortuitous fragments of territory, representing the amount that this or that chieftain was able to seize and hold in the general scramble. "There are very few Marathas in the dominion of Sindia, the Maratha Prince; while he probably has more Rajpūt subjects than the Rajpūt Chief of Oodeypoor, the oldest Rajpūt territory." And we thus see that the British rule in India is not correctly regarded as something entirely anomalous and without precedent as a foreign one, for it would be more correct to regard government by foreigners as the regular course of things than as the exception. It is wielded according to different principles, and it is backed by an unseen and practically unlimited force, the power of the Home country; but in being foreign and an invader it resembles rather than differs from the dynasties to which the Hindus are accustomed. The last two chapters discuss our policy in India in the past and future. The original policy of the East India Company in reference to religious bodies was simply toleration. Anything else "would have been downright insanity in an association whose object was to do business with Indians." This, the key-note of the song of a commercial Company, naturally continued to be sounded without change when the Company had become an Empire. The British Company succeeded to the duties as well as the privileges of native rulers, and consequently continued, *inter alia*, to pay grants impartially "to Hindus, Mussulmans, and Parsees, to heretic and orthodox, to Jagannāth's car, and to the shrine of a Mahomedan who died fighting against infidels, perhaps against ourselves," at the same time showing the utmost indifference to the position and to the scruples of native Christians, and allowing them to be pressed into the service of idolatry. This state of things could not last; and the scruples of persons of high principle were expressed loudly and with increasing sympathy, until the principle of dissociation from any and all religious institutions "was imposed upon the Indian administration by their Home Government, as 'due alike to the character of a Christian Government and to the scruples of its Christian officers'; and in 1846 the Indian Council reported to England that the necessary measures were in progress, which the Court of Directors entirely approved." This change of policy, however, went too far in the opposite direction, and was very far from securing peace. It was looked upon with suspicion by the natives, who considered that the Government had abdicated its responsibilities in ceasing to administer their religious institutions, and with horror by the Christians, who objected to the annual grants, or grants of land in perpetuity, substituted as a commutation for the previous management of heathen temples or rites. Moreover it was not unnaturally supposed to be the beginning of a forcible introduction of Christianity. It was an especially unfortunate course in India, where the duties of the State towards religion are viewed in a very different light from those with which we in England are familiar; for there "the immediate authority and close supervision of a monarch over the powerful religious interests with which he has to reckon at every step is a matter of political expediency, not an affair of doctrine or opinion, but a recognized duty of the State." It is no doubt a question of great delicacy how to steer our course without either shaming our own principles or arousing the undesired hatred of the Indians. But history has shown that it is not a question of abstract first principles which fanatics may lay down, but rather of applied first principles which may be left to the high-minded statesman who understands the needs of India and the character of its population.

In conclusion, we must notice an unfortunate want of consistency in the spelling of proper names. Thus we have Musalmān, Musulmān, and Mussulman; Deccan, Dekhan, and Dekhan; Ayodhya and Oudh; Oodipoor and Oodeypoor.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—REIGN OF HENRY VIII.\*

(Second Notice.)

IN our last article on the State Papers of the year 1534 we had scarcely travelled beyond the first three months, but those of the remaining period are scarcely less interesting. And the despatches of Chapuys as the year goes on become longer and more full of information than his earlier letters. As far as we can gather, not one of his despatches has been lost, though in one of them he significantly hints that there is some doubt of his letters being intercepted, as the deputy of Calais had opened the budgets of two couriers coming from Flanders, and they had been detained by Cromwell four days before Chapuys was allowed to have them, and the Imperial Ambassador felt sure that the object was to ascertain why the Emperor was making such preparations for war, of which the King and he were more afraid than ever now that the sentence had passed. Chapuys seems to have dissembled his real sentiments, and kept on the very best terms with Cromwell, but informs the Emperor that his deeds were bad, and his will

\* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England. Arranged and Catalogued by James Gairdner, Assistant-Keeper of the Public Records, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. VII. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.



and inclination incomparably worse. The Ambassador kept a sharp look-out, and he seems to have had intelligence of all that was going on. Cranmer had consecrated the first three bishops appointed without Papal Bulls on Sunday, the 19th of April, and Chapuys records it on Wednesday, the 22nd.

It is remarkable how little the Queen knew of the wickedness of which Henry was capable. She seems fully to have believed that the King would acquiesce in the sentence when once given, and was only undeceived by the strong measures adopted against the Pope which immediately followed the judgment. In May there seems to have been some relenting in the treatment both of Catharine and the Princess Mary. It was thought that this was with the view of getting them to acknowledge the legitimacy of the new marriage with Anne Boleyn; but Chapuys reports, May 14, that the Princess "believes firmly that this dissimulation the King uses is only the more easily to attain his end and cover poison," but she says she cares little, "having full confidence in God that she will go straight to Paradise and be quit of the tribulations of this world, and her only grief is about the troubles of the Queen, her mother."

The interview of the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Durham with the Queen, on May 21st, is matter of history—as well as that with Sir Edmund Bedingfield and Tyrrell. "But as at this time Chapuys had not access to the Queen," and was seldom at Court, what he says to the Emperor is not of his own knowledge, but from second-hand reports. The following communication, for instance, of June 23rd, must be taken for what it is worth, with the recollection that the writer is desirous to stir up the Emperor to declare war against England:—

I am informed by a person of good faith that the King's concubine had said more than once, and with great assurance, that when the King has crossed the sea and she remains *gouvernante*, as she will be, she will use her authority and put the said Princess to death either by hunger or otherwise. On Rochford, her brother, telling her that this would anger the King, she said she did not care even if she were burned alive for it after. The Princess quite expects this, and thinking that she could not better gain Paradise than by such a death, shows no concern, trusting only in God, whom she has always served well, and does still better now.

It appears that on the 13th July another ineffectual attempt was made to induce the Princess to renounce her title, and the next day Chapuys went to Cromwell saying he was determined to make an attempt to see the Queen; but even this came to nothing, and he was obliged to content himself with communications by letter. Meanwhile, the young Kildare, as he was called, though he had not yet succeeded to the title by his father's death, was carrying all before him, and had just murdered the Archbishop of Dublin. And it is evident that great fears were entertained as to what the Emperor might be induced to do. The magnitude of the disaster in Ireland was carefully concealed, but Chapuys says that the people were incredibly delighted at the success of these affairs there. He adds that a good and virtuous lord, who was very ill, had sent to ask him to give him a meeting in the fields as if by accident, and then had informed him that Cromwell had told him that neither Flanders nor Spain would consent to war for fear of the damage to trade that would ensue, but had threatened that if that hope should fail, the death of the Queen and Princess would put an end to all disputes. Towards the autumn things were not going on very comfortably at Court. It seemed a doubtful point whether the new Queen was *enconcinte* or not, and Henry was beginning to renew his addresses to a lady of the Court of whom Anne Boleyn was jealous, and not without reason, as the King would not drive her away at the instigation of Anne, but, on the contrary, told her plainly that she had good reason to be content with what he had done for her, which he could not do now if the thing were to begin again, and that she should consider from what she had come. Nothing can be plainer, as we proceed with these despatches of the Imperial Ambassador, than the gradual diminution of Anne's influence over the King; and we can only regret that we must wait for the next volume to see how this alienation between the King and the new Queen proceeds, for all contemporary records we have yet seen are silent as regards this point. But it must have been proceeding very rapidly during the year 1534, as on October 24 Chapuys informs the Emperor that Cromwell had assured him that beyond comparison the King loved Mary more than the last born—i.e. Elizabeth—and that he would not be long in giving clear evidence of it to the world, as he said he would declare to the writer after he had talked with the King about their communications. Chapuys adds that he could scarcely have believed it if it had not been confirmed from other quarters, and that he no longer thought that the good treatment of the Princess was a blind to hide any suspicion of foul play if she should happen to die.

There was never any probability that the Emperor would invade England, but it was not considered at all unlikely either in England or on the Continent. The Tudor dynasty had been established for exactly half a century. Such was the unpopularity of the late proceedings of Henry that it might be easy to place on the throne an eligible candidate as a representative of the House of York; and the name of Reginald Pole, afterwards the celebrated Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, who succeeded Cranmer, was often mentioned in this relation, not only in the Ambassador's letters to the Emperor, but even at foreign Courts. There is a remarkably interesting Spanish letter written to the Emperor from Venice, August 4, by one Martin de Cornopa, of whom we know nothing more than what he says of himself, that he was at the time of writing his letter Consul at Venice, and

that he had spent a good part of his youth in England, giving a detailed account of Pole's pedigree and qualifications. The writer takes it for granted that the Emperor wishes to remedy the injustice done to his aunt, and believes that with such an instrument as Pole he will be able to prevail in his affairs with England without much fighting or bloodshed. His description is tolerably accurate, though it requires some acquaintance with history to be able to detect the names of the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Abergavenny under the Spanish disguises of *Fuquingano* and *Forgoña*. He evidently has considerable acquaintance with English affairs, though he somewhat exaggerates matters when he speaks of the Earldoms of Warwick and Salisbury, whatever that may mean, as being able to put twenty thousand men in the field, and thinks Reginald Pole would be worth more than forty thousand foreigners, inasmuch as they would be thought to have come for destruction, whereas Pole would be recognized as coming for the safety of all, in preserving a kingdom oppressed by a harlot and her friends and in reinstating the Queen and the Princess.

This writer does not mention the project for marrying the Princess Mary to Pole, but this was part of the scheme which represented itself as feasible to the mind of the Imperial Ambassador in England. We suppose that this letter of August 4 must be the one referred to in a subsequent letter of November 3 from Chapuys to the Emperor, in which he says he has "decyphered those written from Venice to your Majesty touching the seigneur Reynard Pupulo Polle." (This letter has been analysed from a modern transcript, and no doubt here is an instance of incorrect copying, such as we have had occasion before to suspect in the copies that have been transmitted to the Record Office.) Chapuys says he had gone into the subject a year ago, and given the same advice to Charles, adding that the Queen knew no one in the world whom she would like better to marry the Princess, and expressing his firm belief that people would immediately declare themselves on his side, because of their belief that the true title to the kingdom belongs to the family of the Duke of Clarence. He even ventures to speak of Reginald's younger brother Geoffrey as being with him oftener than was safe, and beseeching him to write to the Emperor as to the facility with which the kingdom might be conquered. In the last letter written by Chapuys to the Emperor he again refers to a young lady at Court who was attracting the King's attention and the consequent jealousy of Anne Boleyn; but he does not lay much stress upon the fact, as the King was so very changeable, and so he is not inclined to think the dismissal of some of her relations from Court is of any particular significance. There is one short passage, however, in this last despatch which throws some light on the character of the Court as well as of one of the ladies of that Court, whose misconduct had been pretty well forgotten for three hundred years, but has recently been dragged into light by the production of unmistakable contemporary evidence. We mean Mary Boleyn, the elder sister of Anne. It is now acknowledged on all hands that she had been the King's mistress. It appears that she was married to William Carey, after an ineffectual attempt on Wolsey's part to get her married to Lord Ormond's son, and that her husband died in 1528. Six years after this the widow was banished from Court, says Chapuys, who says that such a step was necessary; for, besides that she had been found guilty of misconduct, it would not have been becoming to see her at Court *enconcinte*.

The volume before us contains more absolutely new intelligence, perhaps, than any preceding volume of the series. Our limits have obliged us to confine our attention almost exclusively to one set of despatches. But, though we must omit to notice many of the foreign letters and State papers, there is one important discovery of Mr. Gairdner's that must be briefly commented on. It was scarcely to be expected that, after so much search had been made for anything relating to Cranmer, any new writing of his should be discovered. Mr. Gairdner has been fortunate enough to discover at Hatfield two treatises on General Councils, one of which at least is from the Archbishop's pen. Burnet, with his usual carelessness, thought it was a speech in the House of Lords belonging to the year 1533, and gives a short epitome of it. No one who had read it through could have made such a mistake. It is a paper addressed to a Lord—no doubt, as Mr. Gairdner suggests, the Earl of Wiltshire, the new Queen's father; and by its mentioning the Bishop of Rome it is plainly later than 1533, while an evident allusion to Clement VII. shows that it must be earlier than 1535, so that its limits are tolerably defined. It is much to be regretted that it has not found its way into either of the two editions of Cranmer's complete works which have been published in the present century. It consists of 80 pages, and probably will never be printed, as there will never be a reprint of a work such as this, which can scarcely command the price of a shilling a volume when it appears in the market, and there would not now be curiosity enough on the part of readers to justify its separate publication. Under these circumstances it is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Gairdner has devoted only one page to an epitome of it, though in reality we suppose it is not worth much, if we may judge from the account given of it by Burnet. It has nothing of the nature of a speech about it. In the very introduction Mr. Gairdner quotes the following words:—"I see the writing requires to be polished, and an answer made to the opposite party's reasons. But, whatever your pleasure is, I am willing to accomplish it." The sentiments in both the treatises correspond exactly with those enunciated by Cranmer in his answers to the questions of the King, which may be seen in his works or in Burnet's History, but

probably they would give no additional testimony to the now generally acknowledged fact that Crammer was quite at the King's disposal for any alterations in ecclesiastical policy that Henry might suggest.

In conclusion, we must not omit to call attention to some interesting French documents which seem to have been overlooked, and so do not appear in their proper place, and have been consigned to an appendix; and we may observe that the two pages of Notes and Errata at the end of the volume serve to show how difficult a task it is to find the proper dates for many of these papers, and how much care has been taken in calendaring them, and correcting any errors that may have been committed in their arrangement.

#### ELI'S CHILDREN.\*

THE lines upon which Mr. Manville Fenn has constructed his latest novel are clearly indicated by its title, and no one will expect to find the customary sunshine and wedding-favours at its close. It is a story of social life on its clerical side, which, however painful, is true to the realities of occasional, if only occasional, experience. The author has bestowed great care on the delineation of his principal character. Mr. Mallow represents as closely as is possible under the conditions of modern society his Hebrew prototype of the days when the Judges ruled. His sons are drawn in darker colours than belong to the characters whom they are supposed to reproduce; for the Hebrew priest-soldiers, with all their Oriental greed and profligacy, were brave men who died fighting. Perhaps it is on the principle of "corruptio optimi pessima" that the type in the Christian Church is shown as having sunk so low. It is an artistic blemish, all the more conspicuous by the plain absence of any necessity for the label, that Mr. Mallow is made to bear the baptismal name of Eli. This is not a name which in his social rank would or could have been given to him, and its frequent repetition is provoking rather than effective. The conditions for the type which the father of "Eli's Children" is to illustrate are that in the first place he must be personally and on the whole a good man. He must be, that is, one whose many sterling qualities, though counterbalanced by obvious defects of character, both negative and positive, would secure to him general respect among his neighbours as an ordinary English gentleman. Next, he must be placed in a position which would bring these defects into prominence, both in their influence on his own conduct and in their results. The modern Eli must be either a judge or a clergyman; as a rector who acts as chairman of his petty sessional division he will fulfil both conditions. He must be weakly indulgent at home and somewhat afraid of his sons; hard and stern to the outside world of his inferiors in social position, strict as a disciplinarian in respect of their faults of commission or omission, and his life must go down in heavy calamity in just retribution for his own. A story thus constructed would obviously be too gloomy to satisfy the conditions of an ordinary novel, and Mr. Fenn has seen the necessity of throwing light from time to time across its course. At one point his readers may be disposed to censure him for sinking far below the level of his own powers, and adopting a merely mechanical device of the purveyors of fiction for the circulating libraries; but this may have been an afterthought by way of departure from an original plan, which, if so, he has only carried out with too much haste by means of the first contrivance which came to hand. If not one of Eli's children had escaped the general doom, and Cynthia Mallow's life had been darkened by the murder of the good-natured, if empty-headed, Lord Artingale, the shadows of the story would have been too deep and dismal, and Mr. Fenn may have done well to rescue him by hook or by crook. But he must not repeat the old weary round of the story-writer who brings us to the coast. We know too well that the lady will be found at the foot of the cliff when the tide is coming in, and that the villain will pitch the hero over the edge of it when the tide is going out. A boat or a scramble is natural enough for the heroine; but experience and the laws of gravitation alike protest against that perpetual ledge about twenty feet down the face of the precipice which Mr. Fenn has been contented to borrow for his purpose. The whole scene indeed is open to the criticism that Lord Artingale would not under the circumstances have provoked the fight of which the cliff business is the issue. But Cynthia and her love affairs supply only the lighter element of the story without affecting its general course.

Mr. Mallow has two sons and two daughters; and while the lines of the main plot follow the career of the younger son, Cyril, the most powerful and striking portion of the drama is that which gathers round the fortunes and fate of Julia, the elder daughter. The elder son, Frank, whose useless and disreputable life is ended in a snowstorm, is sketched in little more than outline as part of the background of the picture. The Rector of Lawford represents the class of well-beneficed country clergymen of good family and sufficient private means who are said to be gradually dying out under the modern conditions of the English Church, and who were constantly brought into money difficulties, partly by their own style of living and partly by the idleness and extravagance of their sons, which was a consequence of it. Mr. Fenn has rightly associated a kind of High Churchmanship with a

clergyman of this class; but he has failed to exhibit the right kind. This mistake is of some moment, because Mr. Mallow is the central figure in the author's design. It matters less whether he has or has not fallen into a similar error—which indeed he disclaims—in assigning the characteristics of the æsthete of to-day to the "pre-Raphaelite" art-worshipper of twenty years ago, since this question only rises in the byplay of the story. To the old-fashioned High Churchman of Mr. Mallow's kind the three orders of the ministry were bishops, rectors, and curates. He hated a Dissenter, but regarded him not as a schismatic, but as a poacher. Against such a man the bitter grudge of Tom Morrison the wheelwright might easily have arisen, but it would have arisen in a different way. The refusal to bury with the Church Service an unbaptized child is a well-chosen ground of offence; but the neglect of baptism should have involved disregard of the Rector's authority in the first instance, and the death of the infant should have been too sudden to allow of the sending for the curate, which, under the conditions given, would have been the first thought both of Tom and his wife. The authors should know, too, that there is no unconsecrated portion in a parish churchyard. But he appears to have concentrated his attention upon his principal effects with an almost confessed negligence as to the minor details of background and workmanship. Where he feels thoroughly at home, as he does in the scenery of the far West of England, there is no want either of care or of power in his details; and the description of the coming up of the sea-fog over the moor is as fine in itself as it is effective in its relation to the story. With the Eastern counties and their social life he is not familiar; and it would seem that his original conception of Lawford, Mr. Mallow's Lincolnshire parish, was enlarged as his plot advanced, without any care being bestowed on the revision of the earlier description. The condition of its parish church belongs to the history of country villages in the last generation, but is out of keeping with the traditions of even the smaller market towns. Faults of construction such as these will not trouble the ordinary reader, who will be carried on by the great interest of the story; but they are somewhat provoking to critical eyes, because of the very good work which they interrupt. For, whatever may be thought of the method by which the ill-feeling against the rector is created in the wheelwright's family, its development and its results in action are masterly and original alike in design and in execution. In Jock Morrison, the wheelwright's brother, the outlines of a noble and attractive manhood are clearly traceable beneath the ruins of the poacher and the rough. Whether the Game Laws as administered at Petty Sessions are fairly dealt with by the novelist is not in question; for the purposes of his art he has used them with remarkable skill. He has proposed to himself an extremely difficult task; to exhibit a form of retribution for the ruin which the immorality of the rich brings into the homes of the poor, by the dragging down of a delicately nurtured and graceful woman to the level of the dwellers in a London thieves' quarter. It was essential to the carrying out of such an idea that the result should be brought about without coarseness or crime; the girl must be placed under a certain fascination, and must yield of her own will to become the wife of the poacher. She must, therefore, be deficient in mental energy, while the man must possess some qualities by which she might be attracted. With great judgment the author has not attempted to describe any conversations between the two, or any interviews except in the simplest form; but the struggle of such force of will as Julia Mallow possesses, and her dread of the fascination as it gains its hold upon her, are very well and carefully brought out.

Cyril and Frank Mallow, the two sons of "Eli," as types of the idle and profligate youth of the well-to-do middle class, are necessary to the story, while they add nothing to its character or interest. The death scene of Cyril is drawn with great power, but the escaping convict himself, as he lies shot down, is merely a figure in the foreground as the sea-fog comes up over the Devonshire moor. But Nemesis, before she has pursued Cyril into his convict prison, has herself been rather hard pressed in her arrangements for driving him there. The son of a small tradesman in an inland country town, who starts in life as a clever certificated schoolmaster, and means to marry the mistress of the girls' school, may conceivably develop into one of the greater luminaries of the London Bar, and refuse to look at a brief with less than fifty guineas upon it. On an inland Circuit there is, or used to be, a story current how a couple of under-masters, in the days when those useful functionaries were known, and not revered, as "ushers," at a private school in one of the Assize towns, resolved together to try their fortunes in the nobler struggles of the Bar, and how they rose in time, the elder to the coif, the younger to the Bench. But these learned gentlemen were probably both University graduates, and in any case their advancement was a process of much slower growth than is that of Luke Ross in Mr. Fenn's story. We must not, however, make it matter of complaint that Luke's original calling is that of a certificated teacher, since it has given the author an opportunity to introduce an extremely lively description of the inner life of a Training College on the morning of a winter examination, where his own skill has been shown in the working up of material which we may safely assume to have been "communicated" by one of the initiated in the mysteries of these neo-collegiate foundations. And we are indebted to Mr. Fenn for the introduction of these lighter side-scenes into a story which otherwise might be too painful to read through, while it is too well written to allow the familiar relief of skipping.

\* *Eli's Children: the Chronicles of an Unhappy Family.* By George Manville Fenn, Author of "The Vicar's People," "The Parson of Dumford," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.



## MINOR NOTICES.

THE happy people who are blessed with a never-failing appetite for politics may be trusted to enjoy reading *Politics and Life in Mars* (1). The author—the fertile and ingenious “Anon.”—has retold after a fashion the story of the Irish question in its latest phases, and has added a certain amount of prophecy. His work is cast in a very old mould. We are introduced to the planet Mars, in which, it seems, people live in the water and not on land. During a considerable part of the book the author devotes himself to giving the history of how the people of “Ouroowland,” as he ingeniously calls England, had difficulties with the people of “Sadgreen.” When it is said that the writer is a speculative Home Ruler, with an amiable belief in the innate propensity of all men to do right if they are only allowed to have their own way, it is almost unnecessary to tell how he has constructed the story. After disposing of the Irish question he goes on to show how life was regulated on Socialistic principles in Mars. Like most speculators of his calibre he gets out of all his difficulties by the easy method of supposing that everybody suddenly made his mind up to be virtuous. The people of Ouroowland give up spending money on “iodine,” and devote it instead to starting joint-stock businesses, which flourish wonderfully, and quite improve the wicked capitalist from off the face of the land—or rather from under the surface of the water. Then standing armies become useless, and the lion lies down with the lamb. Of course our author tries his hand at the great “woman question.” His solution reads like a faint echo of certain of the experiences of Captain Lemuel Gulliver in the land of the Houyhnnams. In Ouroowland women are very much the equal of men, and are carefully trained to deal with the difficulties of life. An important part of their education is the instruction given in the art of dealing with proposals. We can recommend the form of answer which is to be given to young men of uncertain income to all careful mothers as worthy to be impressed on the minds of their daughters. To be sure, in their present enslaved condition they may think that the last sentence goes a little too far. “And,” the model Ouroowlandian damsel winds up, “at what successive periods do you propose, in our marriage agreement, to give me the option of breaking the matrimonial tie, in accordance with the provision of law, should life with you become unbearable.” The young men of Ouroowland must needs be a bold race.

Admiral Dorville is one of the many worthy people who cannot resist the solicitation of friends, and who consequently yield to a request to publish. His records of his cruises “in many waters” (2) have been brought out, however, with the kindly desire of helping the Egyptian War Fund. With every wish that they may be successful, we find some difficulty in believing that his book will find many readers. Admiral Dorville has made a radical mistake as to what is most interesting in a volume of reminiscences. On the very first page he says, speaking of his entry into the service in 1828:—“I might fill pages with scenes that took place in those days, but must refer any one interested to Captain Marryat’s *Peter Simple* for a full description.” Now these scenes are exactly what we should like to have from a veteran naval officer. In another place Admiral Dorville tells us that one of his captains had many good stories to tell about General Junot, whom he had known as a prisoner of war. Unfortunately, we do not get the good stories, but only hear of their existence. As the mere skeleton of an active naval career, the Admiral’s book is worth reading. He had the good fortune to take part in most of the fighting which the navy has had to do since the conclusion of the Great War. In 1828 the *Samarang*, his first ship, joined the fleet of Admiral Codrington, and since then he has taken part in the Syrian War, has fought against the Burmese and Chinese, and served in the Baltic and the Black Sea during the Crimean War. There is one very spirited account of a fight with pirates on the coast of China, and we learn from him that Captain Marryat took the club-hauling episode in *Peter Simple* from his own experiences when in command of the *Ariadne*.

If Mr. James Douglas were not so entirely possessed by the desire to be picturesque and funny, which seems to oppress all Indian journalists, he might have made his *Book of Bombay* (3) both profitable and amusing to read. As it is, the forced jocularity of most of his writing becomes absolutely painful. He cannot extract Jean Huges of Linchotten’s account of Goa and other places in Western India in 1583 without dressing it up in what is doubtless meant to be a highly comic fashion. Unfortunately the comedy is of a most commonplace character, consisting mostly of sketches of the usual whiskered Portuguese Hidalgos of farce, and cheap satire about their “frowsy” women. By dint, however, of judicious skipping, a certain amount of readable matter can be found in Mr. Douglas’s book. The history of British India is at best very superficially known in England. About the growth of the individual Presidencies it is scarcely too much to say that, except among professed students, nothing is known at all. In so far as he helps to put this knowledge in the way of the “general reader,” Mr. Douglas has been well employed. He begins with the transfer of Bombay to England as part of

the dowry of the Portuguese wife of Charles II. After wasting a great deal of good indignation on the colonial policy of that sovereign and his Ministers, Mr. Douglas then proceeds to direct a great deal of withering sarcasm at the Portuguese Inquisition at Goa. It was not a praiseworthy institution, but the author goes out of his way to sneer at the authorities who assert that its prisoners were kindly treated. It is, unfortunately, only the plain truth that the prisoners of the Inquisition were incomparably better treated than the unhappy wretches confined in English gaols down to the end of the last century. After sketching the beginning of the history of Bombay, Mr. Douglas goes on to tell the story of Sevajee, the founder of the Mahrattas. Then comes a chapter on Kanoojee Angria and the pirates of Western India, who were finally exterminated by Lord Clive. After these days Bombay stood less by itself, and formed only a subordinate part of our Indian Empire of which the great seat was in Bengal; but it was associated with the names of some of our foremost statesmen and soldiers, among whom were the Duke of Wellington in the days when he was still Sir Arthur Wellesley, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, Sir James Mackintosh, and James Forbes. Mr. Douglas has something to say about them all, and he ends his book with a chapter on Bombay “Social and Political.”

The sketch of the Republic of Uruguay (4), published by Mr. Stanford, is in some respects a work of the same class as Mr. Douglas’s *Book of Bombay*. It gives a history and some account of a country in which Englishmen have a considerable interest. This fragment of an old Spanish Viceroyalty is naturally of far less importance to us than the Indian Presidency; but it is the seat of a considerable and growing English trade. Mr. Stanford’s publication is not exactly new. It is founded on a pamphlet written for gratuitous distribution by the Uruguayan Consulate some years ago; but this work has been so greatly enlarged that it has practically become a new book. As it is brought out by Mr. Stanford, it is almost superfluous to say that it is supplied with admirable maps. The reader who takes it up as a geographical treatise will find a full and intelligent description of the territory of the Republic. A sketch of its history follows, in which, as is only natural, the squalid anarchy of the years immediately after the upset of the Spanish administration is somewhat lightly passed over. Then come statistical details of the trade and the main industry of Uruguay—the great stock-farms. The little book contains a great deal of useful information, and it deserves particular praise because it is not what such things generally are—a mere colonial agent’s prospectus on a large scale.

The Corporation of London, having a natural desire to leave a history of its good deeds on record, has instructed its solicitor, Sir T. Nelson, to publish extracts from its records which deal with Richmond Park (5). Sir T. Nelson, having been engaged in all the transactions relating to Epping Forest, is an unexceptionable authority on all the City’s relations to woods, forests, and parks. His introduction gives a succinct history of Richmond Park, showing how it was formed, and how the king, the freeholders, and the Corporation had many and fierce fights about it. The most important of the extracts printed by him shows how, in 1649, the park was transferred from the Crown to the City, and remained in its possession till 1660, when, in common with much other property confiscated by the Long Parliament or the Protectorate, it had to be restored to its original owner. The book is somewhat too large to handle with comfort, as it is a thin quarto; but it is handsomely got up, and profusely illustrated.

The author of *An Angler’s Strange Experiences* (6) has exercised his ingenuity in drawing up a title-page calculated to deter the boldest reader from looking into his book. It is literally covered with puns of the most painful kind, emphasized by a plentiful use of italics. He calls it “A Whimsical Medley and an *Of-fish-all* Record without A-bridge-ment,” and describes himself as a “Fellow of All-soles, late Scholar of *Winch-ester*.” After dragging in so many poor little jokes by the hair of their heads, we scarcely expected to find him taking quite such a lofty tone in his preface. “While, however,” he says, “innocent amusement has been a leading aim, it will be seen that the author has had a far higher aim. The lyrics interspersed will, he hopes, gratify the taste of the most refined, and subserve a far higher purpose than the mere amusement of an idle hour. Long before the days of good old Izaak, even the poets of antiquity have discerned not only a poetical, but even an ethical element in the angler’s art.” We are afraid that Mr. Cotswold Isys’s verses will not amount to quite so much as all that. Such high matters as ethical elements have not much to do with them, but even “the more refined” will not deny that they are tolerably amusing. The rhymes are, perhaps, a little facile, and we have noticed lines in which the relative pronouns have somewhat the air of being put in at random; nevertheless they are well enough. The illustrations, which are said on the title-page to be done “in a style never before approached in these days, after drawings in water-colours,” are not nearly so bad as might be expected after such a description. They look like the work of an intelligent imitator of Mr. Keen.

Next to translating Heine there is probably no more difficult

(1) *Politics and Life in Mars: a Story of a Neighbouring Planet*. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(2) *Cruising in Many Waters*. By J. W. Dorville, Vice-Admiral. London: Griffith & Farran.

(3) *A Book of Bombay*. By James Douglas. Bombay: Printed at the Bombay Gazette Steam Press. 1883.

(4) *The Republic of Uruguay, South America*. Issued by the Authority of the Consulate-General of Uruguay. London: Edward Stanford. 1883.

(5) *Richmond Park: Extracts from the Records of Parliament and of the Corporation of London*. Edited, with an Introduction, by Sir Thomas James Nelson, Kt. London: Blades & Co. 1883.

(6) *An Angler’s Strange Experiences*. By Cotswold Isys, M.A. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

task in literature than translating the Spanish Ballads (7). The mixture of dignity and simplicity of the best of them cannot be rendered, and as for the inferior ones they are not worth translating. Mr. Gerrard Lewis has unfortunately overlooked both these facts. He has consequently produced what we are really sorry to have to describe as a volume of inferior verse. It is scarcely possible for anybody who knows the originals of his fourth and fifth ballads, Ximena's letter to the King and the answer of Don Sancho, to read them without laughing. Their astoundingly outspoken language could not perhaps be literally rendered, but in that case why touch them at all? Those who feel any serious desire to know what the Spanish Romances are may be trusted to master Castilian sufficiently to read them for themselves. It is no difficult task for a person of ordinary education and industry. In the meantime such paraphrases as

Say 'et thou that childbirth's hour is near  
While he is far away?

are not a translation or even decent adaptation of the ballad. It must not be forgotten that the Ballads of the Cid are by no means among the best in Spanish literature. Mr. Lewis has not confined himself to them, however. He has included in his little volume a number of verses founded on the famous "Chanson de geste" called the "Poema del Cid." In them he is even less successful than in his translations of the Ballads. No reader who remembers either the original or Frere's vigorous translation can be expected to tolerate Mr. Lewis's version of the fight at Alcocer, for instance. The old Castilian *trouvère* had seen many cavalry charges, and described this one with precise details. His imitator loses himself in vague generalities.

If any of the adventurous inhabitants of London who have the heart to risk themselves on the Thames Embankment greatly desire to know the meaning of the mysterious figures on Cleopatra's Needle (8), they will find an interpretation of the inscriptions provided for them by the Religious Tract Society. Mr. James King has compiled an account of the obelisk for the Society's new series of little books on the "By-paths of Bible Knowledge." Mr. King's account of this monument seems fairly full and satisfactory. We could have spared some passages of fancy in which ancient Egyptian monuments are represented as giving their reminiscences. These pages of Mr. King's treatise are more remarkable for fine writing than for the information they afford, and we are somewhat surprised to learn from them that ancient Egypt seems to have been almost exclusively occupied with the Jews. The translation of the inscriptions are accompanied by a detailed explanation of the hieroglyphs very neatly illustrated. Some of Mr. King's readers may be disappointed to find that the inscriptions on the Needle are highly uninteresting, and consist of very little beyond strings of pompous titles.

The members of the great, upright, and glorious Bar of this country are terribly wily. Ill-natured critics assert that they love fees, and have some tenderness for those time-honoured forms which prolong lawsuits; and yet here is Mr. Harris, Barrister-at-Law, who comes forward with a satire on lawyers who help silly people to fight, and his work (9) is brought out by Messrs. Stevens & Sons, law publishers. The moral of this touching spectacle obviously is that the litigious spirit is odious to the well-regulated legal mind; and that, if lawsuits are dragged out, the fault lies mainly with the client. How true this is can be seen from the story of Mr. Bumpkin's lawsuit. He had a dispute with Snooks as to whether or not a pig had been sold for nine and sixpence to the said Snooks, and was hopelessly ruined by the expense of legal proceedings. At first sight it appears as if this was the fault of the law; but, on closer examination, it will be seen that Mr. Bumpkin was at least as much to blame. He was obviously quite as eager for a good battle in court as ever was Dandy Dimont; and then he would go and employ a pettifogging attorney, who fooled him to the top of his bent and plucked him bare. Mr. Harris, with a wholesome contempt for the rascals of his own profession, seems to argue that, with a proper judicial system, such things would not be possible; but it is hard to see how an obstinate blockhead who will bring lawsuits in spite of good advice can be prevented from ruining himself. As a story Mr. Bumpkin's lawsuit suffers from being too much spun out.

Mr. Hinton is a poet who has resolved that his verses (10) shall not be accused of the sin of namby-pamby. He always puts things as strongly as possible. Witness this vehement question:—

If I were deep in hell, would it one moment's anguish  
Cause to the great dark eyes that smile and flame and languish  
Upon the green earth here?  
If God gave Satan leave for years uncontradicted  
To wring my soul, would you be in the least afflicted,  
Or dance a single dance less lightly, dear?

It is to be hoped that the owner of "the great dark eyes that smile and flame and languish," said "No, quite the reverse."

Mr. Rose's verses (11) are of a milder kind. He tells in

(7) *Ballads of the Cid*. By Rev. Gerrard Lewis. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(8) *Cleopatra's Needle: a History of the London Obelisk, with an Exposition of the Hieroglyphics*. By the Rev. James King, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society.

(9) *Mr. Bumpkin; or, How to Win your Opponent's Case*. By Richard Harris, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1883.

(10) *Love's Offering*. By James Hinton. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

(11) *Summer Dreams: a Vacation Reminiscence*. By Henry Rose, Author of the English words for H.R.H. the Prince Consort's "Invocation to Harmony." London: Wm. Isbister. 1883.

stanzas of seven lines how he found a most interesting mill when rambling on his holidays. The mill was kept by a hospitable veteran who took an interest in the poet, and consoled with him on his gloomy views of life. Then he invited him to stay, and told him stories to cheer him. Sir Everard Digby, of the Gunpowder Plot, is the hero of one. A number of miscellaneous verses are confided to him in a manuscript. They are pleasant rhymes of a somewhat conventional kind. We find it written in a "Sailor's Song" that

The heart of the sailor is noble and bold,  
His fathers have shown him the way  
To act like a man where his flag is unrolled,  
And he is as gallant as they.

The writer of this verse never listened to the wailings of the British skipper, who has occasionally to man his ship with men who are neither noble nor bold.

Some bibliophile should do us the service of explaining why it is that books nicely printed, with a lavish use of red ink, on what at least looks like hand-made paper, are so often made unreadable by reason of a certain acrid perfume. Is it the red ink, or the paper, or the paste used in binding? Whether the fault lies with any or all of these three, or with something else, we certainly find that our copy of Mr. Selkirk's verses (12), published in the prettiest form by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., is painful to approach because of this defect. We may, however, safely conclude that the verses are not responsible. They are fairly good rhymes of the usual magazine and newspaper kind, with not more than the due proportion of lines which we have seen before in the poems of poets of established fame.

Those enterprising publishers of cheap books, Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co., have added a treatise on *Elementary Carpentry and Joinery* (13) to their series of which "Every man his own mechanic" is the motto. It is profusely illustrated, and will be found useful as a handbook by amateurs who have already had some practical instruction.

The same firm has published an English dictionary (14) which is designed to give every one the "opportunity of acquiring a work that possesses all the important features that distinguish bulkier and more expensive works of this class at a fractional part of their cost." Cheap it doubtless is, though at the cost of being printed in diminutive type on whity-brown paper, and it will doubtless be of some use. The directions for pronunciation are as good as such things ever are, but we should feel more confidence in the accuracy of the work if the compilers did not show in their introduction that they consider "reliable" as good English for trustworthiness.

Messrs. Chambers have published another of the now almost innumerable school primers in the shape of an *Elementary Science Reader* (15). Mr. Macrae, the author, has kept two objects in view, "to lead children to observe and inquire, and also to make them familiar with some of the primary conceptions of Natural Science." The primer deals with the essential facts of nature, such as heat, air, and water.

The praise of being cheap and handy, and compiled with judgment, is due to Messrs. Blackwood's six books of poems for recitation in schools (16). They seem to be chiefly meant for elementary schools, and have one particularly good feature—the poems are carefully marked to show the children where to rest and how to manage their voices.

The reading book in the Granville Series (17) is somewhat more ambitious than Messrs. Blackwood's collections of verses; but it is compiled with taste. The prose is sometimes of doubtful worth, but the verse has been selected from the best authors. We are glad to see Hervé Riel among them, though the editor has been pleased to rebaptize it "The Brave Breton Sailor." No severer test could well be found for a boy's power of reading aloud than these splendid verses. The numerous illustrations are by no means generally praiseworthy. There is among them a picture of Schiller's diver about to take a header from a cliff several hundred feet high, and another of the Bruce making his famous jest about his broken battle-axe on the field of Bannockburn, which is absolutely comic.

Messrs. Chambers's *Graduated Reader* (18) is mainly devoted to prose. It is a fairly good collection of reading lessons; but here, too, the illustrations might well have been dispensed with.

The season when guide-books are eagerly sought after is at an end, or nearly so, but we may call attention to the very pretty volume in which Messrs. Stokes and Whitworth have described and illustrated the Barrow route to Man (19). Mr. Stokes's text is very readable, and Mr. Whitworth's drawings are decidedly good.

(12) *Poems*. By J. B. Selkirk, Author of "Ethics and Aesthetics of Modern Poetry." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

(13) *Elementary Carpentry and Joinery*. London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1883.

(14) *Standard School Board Dictionary*. London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1883.

(15) *Elementary Science Reader*. By Charles Macrae, M.A. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1883.

(16) *Blackwood's Educational Series—School Recitation Book*. Nos. I. to VI. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

(17) *The Granville Series Reading Book*. London: Burns & Oates.

(18) *Chambers's Graduated Readers*. Book IV. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1883.

(19) *The Barrow Route to the Isle of Man*. By E. P. Stokes. Illustrated by Whitworth; engraved by Messrs. Cheshire. Printed and Published by Hazell, Watson, & Viney.



Dr. Morley has been well advised in adding *Marlowe's Faustus* and *Goethe's Faust* (20) to his cheap reprints in the Universal Library. The translation chosen is Dr. Anster's rendering of the First Part, which has doubtless been selected rather because it has ceased to be copyright than for any merits of its own. Dr. Morley has not included the Second Part in this volume.

Mr. Eardley F. Bailey-Denton has published a treatise on House Sanitation (21), founded on lectures delivered by his father to the pupils of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham.

Invalids who are under the necessity of seeking refuge against ill health will doubtless be thankful to Dr. Hardwicke for his guide to Spas and Health Resorts (22). It is expressly designed, not for the medical world, but for "that vast army of invalids whose daily avocations consist almost entirely in battling against their formidable foes—weather and insalubrity."

We have to notice a second edition of Dr. Brandt's guide to Royat les Bains in Auvergne (23), and the same author's guide to Hammam Rirha, in Algiers (24), another winter health resort.

Mr. J. C. Woods has prepared what he is careful to describe as a "complete and reliable" guide to Swansea and its neighbourhood (25).

Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co. have added another to the many guides to London (26).

A new and cheaper edition of Mr. Heath's *Where to Find Ferns* (27) has appeared.

We have also received a copy of the third edition of the medical and general handbook to Southport (28).

We can do no more than notice the publication of a handbook of the "liabilities of merchant, shipowner, and underwriter on shipments by general vessels" (29). It is compiled by Mr. Alexander Wilson.

(20) *Morley's Universal Library—Marlowe's Faustus; Goethe's Faust.* With an Introduction by Henry Morley. London: Routledge & Sons. 1883.

(21) *A Handbook of House Sanitation.* Lectures by Mr. Bailey-Denton. Enlarged and Revised by his Son, Eardley F. Bailey-Denton, C.B., B.A. Oxon. London and New York: Spon. 1882.

(22) *Health Resorts and Spas.* By Herbert J. Hardwicke, M.D. London: W. H. Allen. 1883.

(23) *Royat les Bains in Auvergne.* By C. H. Brandt, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis. 1883.

(24) *Hammam Rirha, Algiers.* By C. H. Brandt, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis. 1883.

(25) *Guide to Swansea and the Mumbles, Gower, &c.* Edited by J. C. Woods. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1883.

(26) *Pictorial Guide to London.* London and New York: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1883.

(27) *Where to Find Ferns.* By F. G. Heath. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

(28) *Handbook for Southport.* Edited by E. D. McNicoll. Southport: R. Johnson & Co. 1883.

(29) *Mercantile Handbook.* By Alexander Wilson. London: Stevens & Sons. 1883.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 58 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

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CONTENTS OF No. 1,454, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883:

France and China—Rutland and the Rural Constituencies—Goritz and Paris—London Municipal Government—Recent Disasters—The Austro-German Alliance—The Harvest—Lord Coleridge Interviewed—Shakespeare's Grave.

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The Examination for the Entrance Exhibitions will be held on September 26 and 27.

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TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

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51, Mile End E.—The SESSION 1883-84 will commence on Monday, October 1, 1883.

The Prizes for the past Session, and the Nursing Probationers' Prizes, will be distributed on Tuesday, October 9, at 8 P.M., by Professor HUXLEY, F.R.S., who will also make an Address, after which there will be a Conversation, to which all past and present Students are invited.

FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £20, £40, £20, and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 50 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Five House-Surgeons, and One Accouchement; Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical practice. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis.

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Candidates for admission in these Departments must not be under fourteen years of age, and those under sixteen will be required to pass an Entrance Examination in English, Arithmetic, and Elementary Latin, to be held on September 28.

III.—DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Students are required before entering to have passed one of the Preliminary Examinations prescribed by the General Medical Council.

The SESSION in DEPARTMENTS I., II., and III. will commence on October 2.

IV.—DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN (223 Brunswick Street).—The SESSION will commence on October 8.

V.—EVENING CLASSES.—The SESSION will commence on October 15. New Students will be admitted on October 10, 11, and 12, between 6.30 and 9 P.M.

ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS are offered for Competition at the beginning of the Session, in Classics, Greek Testament, Mathematics, English, and History; and also a DAUTESSEY MEDICAL SCHOLARSHIP, value £100.

Prospectuses of the several Departments may be obtained at Mr. CORRIE'S, Piccadilly, Manchester, and they will be forwarded from the College on application.

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SESSION 1883-84.

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Students under sixteen years of age are required to pass a preliminary examination. All departments of the College are open to both sexes on the same terms.

The Calendar, containing full information as to the admission of Students, the Courses of Instruction, Fees, &c. is published by CORRIE BROTHERS, New Street, Birmingham, price 3s. by post, 2s. 6d.

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Further information may be obtained of the Dean, or of the Medical Superintendent of the Hospital.

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**Physics.**—Professor GUTHRIE will begin a Course of Lectures on October 3.  
**Metalurgy.**—Professor CHANDLER ROBERTS will begin a Course of Lectures on October 1.  
**Agriculture.**—Mr. WRIGHTSON will begin a Course of Lectures on October 1.  
Further particulars may be obtained from the REGISTRAR.

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